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# The Critic

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# The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at the Kennedy Building, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1894

## Again "The Sapphic Secret"

MR. BURROUGHS probably did not mean to misrepresent the scope and purpose of my *Atlantic* paper; yet he did misrepresent it. Nowhere in that paper did I so much as hint that any writer of our time would do well to imitate the Greek masters; what I did say was that Sappho sang Greek civilization, and that Walt Whitman did not sing American civilization. It is not American, not modern, not in the most distant accord with contemporary life for a poet to sing, as Walt Whitman did, Greek nakedness and the "phallic thumb of Love." It may all be to Mr. Burroughs's taste; but it is not "true to our own day and land," and moreover it is not decency. Says my critic:—"The light and irresponsible skirmisher or raider in the field of criticism may generally be known by the random shots he lets off here and there at great names." And in the next breath Mr. Burroughs pops away at Milton and Matthew Arnold! By his own definition it places him in a bad light to say of "Paradise Lost" that it, "as a whole, is unreadable; it sounds like a burlesque." But I do not call Mr. Burroughs an "irresponsible skirmisher"; I merely suggest that it is impossible for him, who cannot read Greek, to do himself justice in posing as a critic of Greek literature. Every Greek scholar knows that, in not being able to read Greek, Mr. Burroughs is quite shut out from any competent understanding of Greek influence in modern literature. It is a glaring blunder in the dark when Mr. Burroughs assumes that Tennyson's poetry is free from this influence. The glorious Laureate drew inspiration from the farthest horizons. Tennyson accepted Sainte-Beuve's theory that the literature of antiquity alone "gives to the critic the true law of taste, to the writer the true secrets of style." \* \* \* It alone gives, in some sort, the suitable distance and compass-room to measure proper elevations and to steer by the true stars." It would be well for Mr. Burroughs to take measure by Mr. Gladstone, and yet turn, before it is too late, and find out what Greek literature really is. "L'antiquité," goes on Sainte-Beuve, "est bonne à tous, et elle l'est à tous les degrés." It puzzles me to know how a man can imagine himself a critic when his horizon of judgment is bounded by the periphery of contemporary literature and the circumference of his own language. The critic, as Sainte-Beuve says, must know the whole heaven of literature and be able to steer by the fixed stars. It is largely because our critics have left off taking observations with reference to the quenchless verities of all ages that we find ourselves to-day without a literature that we can call our own.

Certainly, I do not think that the literature of antiquity affords adequate nourishment for a modern Christian civilization, nor that it can, or ought to, satisfy the present hunger of the human mind for the artistic presentation of life as it is; but I am quite tired of hearing my countrymen make excuse for ignorance by taking refuge in the theory that education is incompatible with the best literary fecundity. There is nothing so liberalizing as a liberal education; there is nothing so narrowing or incapacitating as ignorance. Book-learning is not the whole of life, nor the whole of art; it is, however, indispensable to the critic.

"The light and irresponsible skirmisher or raider in the field of criticism" is apt to go wool-gathering when he essays to preach the "return to nature" which seems to him the return to unlettered ignorance. How shall a man interpret nature best in any age? By comprehending nature in all ages. But can the unsophisticated bumpkin do this? And can he voice it? Nothing so clearly sets forth a critic's ignorance as for him to assume that the Greeks were a set

of uneducated Whitmans who by some miracle drew inspiration out of those vague sources called the Pierian waters. Pindar was an academic poet; that is, he was trained to his lyrical trade by competent masters; and from his day on down to that of Theocritus, all the masters of Greek song were educated to occupy their chosen field of art.

Mr. Burroughs well says:—"There never was a time in the history of the English race (*sic*) when the deep-down formative spirit that animated it was not worthy of reproduction in poetry and art (*sic*); or when the world-spirit, the *Zeit-Geist*, was not ample to match the monumental works of the past." True enough; but did Walt Whitman, fumbling with his boasted "phallic thumb of Love," reproduce the formative spirit animating American life, society, morals, religion and institutions? This was what I projected by venturing to write in my *Atlantic* paper that Whitman's Greek pretensions were but a dirty wash of imitation. The burden of my "Sapphic Secret" was that imitation of the Greek poets is great folly; but that wise study of them is fertilizing to the imagination and has a broadening influence over the judgment. Self-criticism is the test of power, and this must be applied in the full light of all the ages.

The chief trouble with criticism like Mr. Burroughs's appears when we hearken for its echoes; its voice strikes the nearest and newest board fence, and there stops flat. It has no perspective, no far horizon, no historic blending with life, manners, knowledge, civilizations, distance beyond distance. True, if a man's world be a pigsty, he must as a poet sing the pigsty; but he is a nobler poet when the universe is his; and if he would be a critic, he must first be a scholar in the broadest meaning of the word.

Says Mr. Burroughs:—"The first honors always belong to him who can deal competently, masterfully with the types and forces of his own day and generation." There never was a narrower measure of greatness, or one informed with a more blighting fallacy. The true master is he who can make the universal appeal that shall be as good in Homer's day as in our own, and as good in our day as in Homer's. Scott's novels have lived green and fresh through times and seasons and generations, and yet they did not deal with types and forces of his own day and generation. Homer's great epic, the fragments of Sappho, of the true Anakreon, the idylls of Theocritus, Villon's "Ballad of Dead Women," Shakespeare's dramas, these live—and they were not when first made mere dealings with contemporary types and forces; but they were voiced in unison with contemporary civilization. The distinction is one that seems unobservable by realists of our day; they have no light of the past by which to examine things; they scorn to steer by the fixed stars, and so go drifting about after jack-o'-lanterns.

Mr. Burroughs closes his strictures with a curious yet characteristic sentence:—"That which lies back of our literature," he says, "back of our civilization, is rude, unsophisticated nature, and the pressing need in an artificial age like ours is always a readjustment of our relation to these forces and a freer inlet for them." Here is a plea for a conscious—nay, self-conscious—posing like that of Walt Whitman. Neither great art nor great life can come by that road. Even poor Burns felt the hopelessness of trying to get back to a pagan's benighted optimism. There was a touch of despair in the Scotch bard's cry:—

"But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?  
They're no herd's ballads, Maro's catches. \* \* \*  
Will nane the shepherd's whistle mair  
Blaw sweetly in its native air?"

But Burns, like Mr. Burroughs and Walt Whitman, did not know Greek, could not read the Greek poets, and so

made the mistake of imagining that Theocritus and the rest were mere singing hinds clothed in goat-skins and wandering in an Arcadia of unsophistication. No poet of modern times has been educated up to his business so thoroughly as was Theocritus, as was every great Greek poet. There is no going back to "rude unsophisticated nature"—evolution unrolls in the other direction, from the simple to the complex, from the cell to the unimaginable final organism. Perspectives open before us as well as behind us; the stars never go out; imagination rises with the tide of life; there is ample standing-room on the headlands of the present, but O, the beautiful islands in the overpassed sea! And O, the still more beautiful in the sea of the future!

MAURICE THOMPSON.

SHERWOOD PLACE, CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.,  
20 March, 1894.

### Literature

#### "The Religion of a Literary Man"

By Richard Le Gallienne. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SOME MONTHS AGO *The Critic's* London Letter contained the notice of a lecture by Mr. Le Gallienne upon the subject of the literary man's religion. The correspondent predicted that the forthcoming volume, of which the lecture gave the gist, was likely to be "full of suggestion and fuller of that healthy, sane optimism which overflows in the verse of the author of 'English Poems.'" The prophecy is justified in the book before us. Mr. Le Gallienne distinguishes people as "natural spiritualists and materialists." To the former class the world is "mystically transparent, palpitating with occult significance"; to the latter it is "opaque, shut within the walls of form and color." It is to the "spiritualists" that he addresses himself. He discusses from the standpoint of human experience the nature of sin and pain, free-will and immortality.

In the chapter on "The Hereafter," the author asks if we really care so much as we think for a future life, in the sense of a "survival of personality after death." Personality he believes to be more or less a fallacy, for upon analysis it seems to be not the sum total of their character that we admire in our friends, but certain attributes, for the sake of which "we are content to overlook certain other qualities not attractive to us, perhaps actually repellent." Upon the loss of a friend we seek his admirable qualities elsewhere, often finding them in more perfect harmony; and as we do not need to wait for a future state to find again the objects of our affection, neither do we need to base our theory of immortality upon the supernatural. We shall live in the influence for good or evil that we have exerted daily through our lives. In other words, the Kingdom of Heaven is within us. A note that will jar upon many ears is the author's estimate of personality. While it is true in the main that we choose our friends for their, to us, admirable qualities, there are friendships, not the result of choice, for whose loss it would seem as if the world could make no reparation, so closely are they identified with our existence. It is difficult to think of the qualities of a mother or child apart from personality.

Mr. Le Gallienne does not dogmatize nor make any attempt to prove or disprove theories. He maintains that a hereafter is not necessary to our happiness now, but that what we know is sufficient to incite us to the highest possible self-development, whether we believe that we shall enjoy a future state or not. He brings as little comfort to the scientific materialist who deduces his religion from the theory of evolution as to the self-styled orthodox Christian, who bases his creed upon threats of eternal punishment or promises of future reward. To the former he says:—"If man were once an ape, there is all the more likelihood that he will some day be an angel"; and to the latter, "the world has never tried the Gospel of Christ." In fact, his ideas are not new; they are as old as Greece and India, but they are expressed in a fresh and striking way, and present in crystallized form the thought of many spiritual-minded people—perhaps neither churchmen nor scientists,

perhaps both,—who would substitute right living for mysticism, symbolism and dogma.

#### "The Private Life of Napoleon"

By Arthur Lévy. *From the French, by Stephen Louis Simeon.* 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons.

M. LÉVY HAS COLLECTED in these two volumes a treasure of interesting information about Napoleon; he has aided in throwing light on many passages in the Emperor's life that were hitherto obscure, and furnished the key to the motives of many of his actions that were hitherto unexplained. But admirable as are the traits of character that have been gathered from private letters, despatches and memoirs, it can hardly be said that Napoleon grows in grandeur and dignity under M. Lévy's treatment.

Napoleon was a force of nature, not a mere man, and any effort to reduce his proportions to those of ordinary humanity will be unjust, incorrect and unconvincing. M. Taine has sketched for us a mediæval Italian murderer—a man without conscience, morality or honor,—a monster of egoism and heedless ambition. The picture is not a pleasant one, and yet this unscrupulous soldier of fortune is far preferable to the *parvenu*, the doting and deceived husband, the loving and misjudged brother, the master who was too often weak as well as generous that M. Lévy has sketched. In one of his charming pot-boilers—"L'Histoire de mes Livres,"—Alphonse Daudet speaks of his note-books, and says, apropos of his studies for "Numa Roumestan" and the Tartarin series, that he has had in one of them for many years a note of which he has never made use, because the subject is too large for treatment. This note refers to Napoleon as the incarnation of *Le Midi*, and suggests a study of him in that light as full of interest. In reading M. Lévy's work, one is constantly reminded of both Numa Roumestan and Tartarin—more frequently of the latter than of the former. The love of theatrical display; the bad taste, so strikingly demonstrated in his talk about his short honeymoon with Joséphine, and numerous other traits of Napoleon that M. Lévy brings out, aid undoubtedly in perfecting the picture he wished to compose; but they bring up, at the same time, the question, whether the picture was worth composing. In fact, the work does not add to our perception of Napoleon's character as a whole; we find in it many additional fragments, all of interest because of the entirely new light they give, but, also, on account of that, adding to the riddle. M. Lévy has adopted the system, so well known in this country, of excusing a man's unpalatable public actions by the middle-class virtues of his private life, believing, evidently, that an apologist was needed. But the colossus of the nineteenth century needs no defenders, and defamers hurt him not. He stands alone in modern times, looking backward to Hannibal and Cæsar for companionship in his lonely grandeur.

The documentary method of studying history, it would seem from this work, is no more reliable than any of the systems it has replaced. Man still continues to see what he brings with him the power to see; and personal bias is an important document, even in documentary history. M. Taine painted by this method his slightly theatrical mediæval criminal; M. Lévy sketches by its lights a generous, lonely, loving and deceived Napoleon, the patron-saint of the *bourgeoisie* he created and fostered under his "Nouveau Régime." That neither portrait is true in all details seems almost beyond doubt; and the two can not be blended and worked into a "composite" picture—the contrasts are too violent. Still, they supplement and complete each other in many details, and show us that Napoleon, too, was mortal; that he had his weaknesses as well as his giant's strength; and that the loneliness of his position weighed heavily upon him, who was to empty to the dregs the bitter cup of base ingratitude and shameless desertion.

M. Lévy has traced to their low origin many of the scandalous slanders about Napoleon's private life and his relations to his sisters and Hortense de Beauharnais. Most of



these unspeakable stories were invented for the delectation of his contemptible successor, Louis XVIII., who hated him as much as he feared him. Courtiers were easily to be found, of course, willing to curry favor with the living ass by kicking the dead lion, and thus originated the long chain of dirty rumors that was accepted as history for many years.

M. Lévy has laid due stress on the evident but not always appreciated fact that the young officer of artillery in the Republic's armies did not dream of crowns and conquests; that his ambition grew with what it achieved, and that his horizon widened step by step as he advanced towards the pinnacle, to be lured thence to his downfall. In the life of Napoleon, as in that of all men of genius, we meet that element of mystery which seems to make the man at times the slave as well as the master of his own destiny. The author has not solved this eternal riddle. Napoleon's personality will ever remain a mystery to mankind, which can only judge him by his works, good and bad. History needed him, and created him for her purposes. What is to be the final outcome of his violent passage through the life of the nations, no one can foretell. But the crisis seems to be drawing near in the France that he created, and where, in the words of one of her greatest writers, "la Révolution est à refaire."

#### Recent Church History

*The English Church in the Nineteenth Century, 1800-1833. By John H. Overton, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co.*

THIS WORK is a continuation of Abbey and Overton's "English Church in the Eighteenth Century." The first third of this century in the history of the English Church is significant chiefly because it was a period of preparation. There was no strong force at work except the second generation of the Evangelicals, and while they accomplished much in the persons of Simeon and William Wilberforce, yet the "Clapham Sect," as it was called, had almost spent its power. In 1813 Venn Elliott made a pilgrimage to Yelling, the parish of his famous grandfather, Henry Venn, a prince of the Evangelicals, and found that the church was already almost "in ruins and the steeple taken down by the vicar's order." Dr. Overton gives large space to an account of the Evangelicals—Charles Simeon ("St. Charles of Cambridge"), Isaac Milner, William Wilberforce (is it true, as De Quincey said, that this Wilberforce was an opium-eater?), the Thorntons, Zachary Macaulay, James Stephen (pious sire of antichristian progeny), John Venn, Thomas Gisborne, Legh Richmond, Edward Bickersteth, the Sumners and (*nomen præclarum*) Hannah More. The strong points of the Evangelicals were their uncompromising and rather austere morality; their philanthropic work, for they secured the abolition of slavery; their humanitarian work among the poor (the work which Mrs. More and her sisters inaugurated was of the right sort), and their spiritual conception of personal religion. Their weak points were their liability to cant, to an unreal religionism; their undervaluation of the intellectual side of the Church, and their contempt of culture. Some feared culture, and Charles Jerram speaks of attending Simeon's meetings, "which served to keep alive the spark of personal religion, which was in danger of being quenched by the uncongenial pursuit of mathematical subjects, or the impure mythology and profane poetry, which constitute the daily routine of study." The Evangelical party declined into the Low Church party when the Oxford Tractarians and the Broad Church school attracted to themselves all the energy and intellect in the Anglican Communion. However, we cheerfully agree with Dr. Overton, when he writes of the Evangelicals who were Evangelicals indeed, that "They were the salt of the earth in their day, and the Church owes a debt of gratitude to those holy men whose names have come before us, which it will never forget so long as the personal piety and the spiritual side of religion are valued at their proper worth."

The old High Church party, which Dr. Overton names "Orthodox," had not died out, though the secession of the Non-jurors left it almost extinct for the period just preced-

ing the Oxford Movement. First there was Jones of Nayland, then came Norris, Christopher Wordsworth (brother of the poet), Daubeny and Sikes (names now forgotten), and Hugh James Rose (still remembered); and to these should be added their sympathizers, S. T. Coleridge, William Wordsworth, Bishop Jebb, who was in some ways the father of the Ritualists; and, finally, the chief of all, Van Mildert. If the Orthodox were not many, they possessed a large share of the learning in the Anglican Church. "They never were thoroughly understood in their own day," says the author, "but, studied in the light of after-events, they have all the interest which attaches to prophets." They never exercised strong influence upon either the Church or the nation. This seems all the more strange when it is remembered that this school included the Lake poets, Agnes Strickland, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Manners-Sutton, Bishops Kaye, Horsely (by far the ablest Anglican bishop of his time) and Tomline, Routh of Magdalene College and Bishop Lloyd of Oxford. The two most interesting characters of this set are Alexander Knox and S. T. Coleridge, and, studying their works, it is plain why the Oxford movement was predestinated to split into two directions—one, taken by the rigid and traditional set represented by Dr. King, present Bishop of Oxford, and Liddon, and in this country by Dr. Morgan Dix and Bishop Seymour; the other, by Charles Gore of Pusey House, Oxford, S. Baring-Gould, and in this country by a large number of the younger clergy of the Episcopal Church, at whose head stands the present Bishop of Vermont. These men accept the results of modern scholarship and base their churchmanship upon the text of the Nicene and Apostles' Creed. Between them and the traditionalists there is a growing antagonism, and by the Orthodox they are feared far more than the distinctly Broad Churchmen. The Broad Churchmen, or "Liberals," as Dr. Overton prefers to call them, were not a powerful party at the time of which the author treats, nor are they likely so to be at any time, for the very constitution of their minds prevents them from cabals and from partisanship. The Liberals of the first third of the nineteenth century were Parr, Paley, Sidney Smith, Henry Bathurst, Edward Stanley, Coplestone, the Hares, Connop Thirlwall, Croly, Watson of Llandaff, Richard Whately, Thomas Arnold, Hampden, S. T. Coleridge in some of his aspects and—marvellous to recollect—E. B. Pusey in his earlier career.

These are the names the world outside the Anglican Church probably knows best of all. They may not have been the theologians, they may not have been the spiritual power of the Church, but they have done more for the world, it is safe to say, than the men of the other parties. The Liberals are not popular in the Anglican Church; they are feared by the Orthodox, both high and low, but it is safe to say again, that, without the Liberals, the Episcopal Church would sink into the contemptible attitude of a sect. Dr. Overton's book, as the reader may infer from what has been said, is a history of the thought of the Church of England. He goes deep down to the inner life of the Establishment, and his temper is so fair that some readers will be puzzled to know whether he is a "High," "Low" or "Broad" Churchman. It does not matter. After giving an account of the parties, he goes on to treat of the literature, worship, buildings, schools, societies and political relations of the Church of England. He closes with a brief account of the relation and intercourse of the Church of England with the Episcopal churches in Ireland, Scotland and America. We trust that Dr. Overton will give us another volume covering the life and thought in the English Church from 1833 to the death of Archbishop Tait, for we know of no one more competent to furnish us with an impartial and intelligent account of this highly important period. What that period adumbrates we shall not here presume to say, but we quote the words of Prof. Pfleiderer:—"The place where Green and Hatch labored and cast the light of philosophical and historical knowledge cannot fall back again into the night of the Middle Ages. The days of a Newman and a Pusey are forever past for Oxford and for England."

### "Saint Francis of Assisi"

By Paul Sabatier. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher.

M. SABATIER'S book shows a very careful and conscientious study of his subject. He begins it with a critical review of the many sources from which he has compiled his work, and this introduction is by no means the least interesting part of the very readable volume. He shows that he has studied in the school of Ernest Renan, and avows as much in the preface. He has a good deal of his master's spirit: a critically intellectual enthusiasm for saintly perfection, but not his splendid style and manner. As the work of a Protestant on the life of a Catholic saint, it has a certain psychological interest of its own. M. Sabatier would fain have us believe that St. Francis was a heretic in spite of himself, an unconscious Protestant, even as good Catholics believe their Protestant friends to belong to the so-called "Soul of the Church"—so indispensable seems to us a spiritual community of faith with those whom we reverence and love. To support his proposition, M. Sabatier adduces the fact that St. Francis always appealed to the individual conscience and personal conviction as the final arbiter of a man's actions. This is not the place to discuss whether the attitude be orthodox or not in the strict Catholic sense. Most fair-minded Catholics would resent the suggestion that it were not. But the author, in his zeal to establish St. Francis as a champion of "private judgment," does not lay sufficient stress on the fact that his saint loved obedience only less than poverty, and never spoke of it otherwise than as "*la santa ubbidienza*." This should surely clear him from all charge of insubmission.

The first half of the volume tells of the happy childhood of the order of "Lesser Brothers." It is charmingly described, and we are carried to the sunny Umbrian hillsides, where saintliness assumes a very idyllic character, and where evangelical poverty is certainly less forbidding of aspect than it would be under our inclement skies. The early life of the fraternity was almost purely inspirational, depending directly as it did upon the word and wish of its founder and spiritual father. As their numbers increased, difficulties and dissensions arose; and Francis, feeling himself unable to cope with these, he being little of a practical administrator, was obliged to appoint another Superior in his place, though he remained to his death the controlling force and inspiration of his spiritual family. After his death we have the usual heart-sickening spectacle of a great man's inadequate successors doing their best (and their worst) to carry on his work, succeeding on the whole, perhaps, but obtaining their success by the sacrifice of their dead leader's fondest convictions, making their compact with the powers that be, making unto themselves friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness, honoring their parents that their days may be long in the land, by yielding to the accepted conventionality and established order of things. This seems to be the inevitable compromise between the absolute and the practical, between the ideal and the real, between the ways of the children of this world and the ways of the children of light.

A translation of this book is announced for publication by Charles Scribner's Sons.

### "Sandow on Physical Training"

THE FIRST PART of this work, compiled and edited, under Mr. Sandow's direction, by G. Mercer Adam, consists of a biography of the great athlete, with reports of his public appearances in England and America, and numerous reproductions of the photographs that are familiar to all that look at shop windows. The physical training advocated in the second part by this wonder of muscle and nervous force is simple, consisting of easy gymnastics, performed with light dumbbells and bar-bells. It requires neither elaborate apparatus nor much room—only fresh air, and plenty of it. Mr. Sandow endorses the system now in vogue among trainers, which requires no violent exercise and no sudden change of diet and habits, but is based, rather, on commonsense and on the accumulation of results. A most ingenious machine for the exercise of the muscles of the legs—Mr. Sandow's invention—and the

will to persevere, are, with the weights, the only requisites for the preservation of health and the development of strength. The book is written, however, for the searcher after health, rather than for the aspiring "strong man," and warns explicitly and repeatedly against the uselessness as well as the dangers of violent exercise, heavy weight lifting and all the tricks that pass too often for physical training in gymnasias and athletic clubs. The biographical part of the book shows that Sandow's career has been a much-varied one. He travelled through Germany, Italy, Belgium and Holland before he became known; for it seems that in his eminently physical world the struggle for recognition is just as hard and long as it is in the world of art and letters. We learn also—and this is most reassuring—that his control over his temper is as perfect as his control over his muscles.

The book contains eighty half-tone illustrations and one hundred and fifty marginal drawings. It seems to fulfill the general requirements of a work on this subject to perfection, although, of course, the supervision of a professional trainer and examinations by the physician at stated intervals are to be recommended. But few have the time or inclination to study the structure of the muscles, and therefore must rely on the advice of the expert for warning against harmful tendencies. The most encouraging feature of this work, however, is its author's statement that his marvellous development is due to exercise alone, great muscular strength not having been hereditary in his family; and that his system has not only hardened his thews and quickened his nervous force, but that it has also strengthened the action of his heart. The physiological part of the work gives a general account of the different sets of muscles, and will prove of considerable aid to the beginner. It is a handsome as well as a useful volume. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons.)

### New Books and New Editions

CONTEMPORARY evidence of historic events or of the opinions held of historic personages is always of extreme importance in measuring the magnitude of these events or the popular appreciation of these characters. It is always a comfort to know that one's valuation of a noble character was shared by its contemporaries, and that the pedestal which stands beneath it has not been erected altogether by posterity. There were, indeed, "great men before Agamemnon," but we unfortunately know nothing of them; as to Agamemnon, however, his contemporaries are unanimous that he was great, and there he stands in colossal size from Homer and Æschylus to Goethe, a hero of unrivalled interest. In his "Early Sketches of George Washington," Mr. W. S. Baker does the historian the excellent service of collecting all the contemporary notices of the illustrious American, and reprinting them with biographical and bibliographical notes of their authors. These are fifteen in number, and extend from George Mercer's sketch of the young colonel in 1760, to James Hardie's (a Scotch tutor at Columbia College) in 1795. Nearly all of these sketches are highly eulogistic, and many prophetically anticipate Washington's greatness. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Americans and anonymous writers vie with each other in panegyricizing a character so elevated as that of the great patriot. Some lay stress on his lack of education; others give amusingly false genealogies of his family; but all confess his undoubted greatness and wonderful success. We catch glimpses of Washington as his contemporaries saw him, high, calm, self-contained, magnanimous—"that heroic Youth Col. Washington," as old Samuel Davies called him in 1755, adding, "I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved him in so signal a manner, for some important service to his country." Mr. Baker prefixes Charles Wilson Peale's portrait of Washington in its original form as the study for the three-quarter length portrait at Mt. Vernon (1772). (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

MR. ANDREW LANG'S "St. Andrews" is a historical sketch of the venerable Scotch university, to which he has succeeded in giving a certain interest for others than its alumni, to whom it naturally most appeals. The fact, stated in the preface, that "a history much more elaborate and learned is being written"—we are not informed by whom—fortunately relieved him from the necessity of gathering and recording much dry and dull matter hidden in ancient manuscripts. He has drawn his material largely from the earlier history by Mr. Lyon, and from other books and diaries, especially from the publications of the Bannatyne, Maitland, and Abbotsford Clubs, and those of certain Scottish historical societies. He fondly calls St. Andrews "the oldest, most beautiful and most academic of Scottish universities," and dwells with the pride and affection of a foster-child upon its "great past," yet does not "despair of the future." Most of the Scottish actors in the Reformation and the civil discussions of the seventeenth century were St. Andrews men; and the chapters devoted to that period in its history are perhaps the best in the book, though none



are unworthy of the versatile and voluminous author. The publishers have given the work an elegant dress, with abundant illustrations, eight of which are full-page. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

—THE FRENCH family, if few persons else, except those given to genealogical researches, will be interested in "Notes on the Surnames of Francus, Franceis, French, etc., in Scotland, with an Account of the Frenches of Thorndykes," by Mr. A. D. Weld French; and there are more than enough of that name to exhaust the limited edition of three hundred copies, privately printed by the author in Boston. The book, of about a hundred octavo pages, is brought out in excellent style, and is Mr. French's second contribution to the genealogy of his kindred.

In its thirty-seventh volume, the "Dictionary of National Biography" reaches Thomas Millyng, the Bishop of Hereford, who in 1470 protected Elizabeth, the Queen of Edward IV., at Westminster, where she had taken sanctuary. Masquerier, the painter who was suspected of being a spy of Napoleon I., opens the volume. Its chief interest for the student of literature lies in Mr. Richard Bagwell's article on Philip Massinger. Mr. Leslie Stephen has written the review of Frederick Denison Maurice's life. There are twenty Maxwells in the volume, from the Lord Maxwell who was supposed to favor Queen Mary against Elizabeth, to Lady Stirling Maxwell, who died in 1887. The ancient and kingly house of Meagher is only represented by one member, Thomas Francis, the Irish nationalist known as "Meagher of the Sword," who also served through our Civil War. Merlin's legendary history is shortly epitomized by Mr. C. L. Kingsford, from whose pen is likewise the biography of Walter de Merton, the founder of Merton College at Oxford. The life of John Metcalf (1717-1810) is passing strange, and not widely known. Blinded by smallpox when six years old, Metcalf was taught the fiddle, then regarded as the sole occupation open to a blind man. But he became a good rider, swimmer, diver and cock-fighter. "He was soon known, moreover, as a gallant, as a wag, a successful card-player, and a shrewd dealer in horses." He rode several races with success, and in 1739 ran away with another man's bride. He became a recruiting-sergeant, and fought at the battle of Culloden. After that he was in succession a smuggler, a tradesman and the owner of a stage-coach between York and Knaresborough, which he drove himself, and finally became a pioneer road-maker and bridge-builder, and one of the "chief predecessors of Telford and Macadam." His success led to his constant employment on similar work during a period of more than thirty years, the total mileage of the turnpike-roads constructed by him being about 180 miles, for which he received not less than 65,000*l.* In all this work he took an active personal share. A contemporary writes:—"The plans which he makes and the estimates which he prepares are done in a method peculiar to himself, and of which he cannot well convey the meaning to others. His abilities in this respect are nevertheless so great that he finds constant employment." This active blind man retired from business in 1792, and died in 1810, leaving behind him ninety great-grandchildren. Among the other contributors to the volume are Miss Bateson, G. S. Boulger, William Carr, J. Cuthbert Hadden, Prof. C. H. Herford, Prof. J. K. Laughton, Sidney Lee, J. Bailey Saunders and the Rev. Canon Venables. (Macmillan & Co.)

A NEW edition of the lively and interesting memoirs of Madame Junot appears in four volumes, and with a double title, as "Autobiography and Recollections of Laura, Duchess of Abrantes, Widow of General Junot," and as "The Home and Court Life of the Emperor Napoleon and his Family." The work answers to both descriptions, for Madame Junot (*née* Permon) had all her life an intimate acquaintance with the man who became Emperor of the French and conqueror of Europe, from the time when, in his first regimentals, she addressed him as "Puss in Boots" and he her as the "Marquise de Carabas," to the period of his greatest power, when Napoleon used to pull Junot's hair playfully and tear open his old scalp wound. Madame Junot, who was once a resident of New York, and whose house still stands, though much decayed, in grounds which should have formed part of High Bridge Park, recounts these and the like incidents with becoming spirit. It was a society of tiger-cats of which she pictures the "home life" and the fraternal clawings and scratchings. The present edition is ornamented with many portraits reproduced from steel engravings, and has been carefully seen through the press. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—A BOOK ON "The Secret Harmony of the Spheres," by Gaywaters, may interest such readers as cannot find any other way to misspend their time. The author says in the preface that "by the use of the phrase, entelechic-sensuous-adequate, is meant a latent sensuous feeling which, considered in itself and without relation to the categories of sensuous impression,

possesses a specific type-species of feeling, the correlative of a distinct type-species of sensuous impression, and which, when considered subjectively in correlation with the sensuous impression, constitutes the purely subjective side of a sensation"; and the rest of the book is of the same sort. We do not know which is the strangest, the fact that a man can write such stuff, or the fact that there are other men willing to read it. The latter fact, however, remains to be demonstrated. (Boston: American Printing and Engraving Co.)

"THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN," by M. Ostrogorski, is a prize essay of the Paris Faculté de Droit, translated into English under the author's supervision. It is mainly historical in character, and devoted to showing what advances have already been made in various countries towards according fuller rights and freer activity to the gentler sex. The greater part of the book is occupied with the question of political rights, and a large amount of information about the present political status of women in France, England, America and, indeed, all civilized countries is presented in a comparatively small space. The author points out that political rights are quite distinct from civil rights, and that, while the latter may properly be claimed on the simple ground of justice, the former must be treated from the standpoint of social utility. He expresses himself unreservedly in favor of giving women all the freedom of action in respect to occupation, education and other private interests that any judicious woman would ask; but on the question of granting women political rights, he speaks so guardedly, that we cannot make out what his opinion really is. He writes in a very judicial temper, and has evidently spent much time and study in working up his subject. All who are studying this theme will find his book of use. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)—"THE SISTINE MADONNA: a Christmas Meditation," by A. H. Bradford, is a neatly printed pamphlet, in which the author puts forward the orthodox views about the Incarnation, and maintains that Raphael's picture expresses or symbolizes them. It has a Japan paper cover with a decorative title in black and red. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)—"THE PHOTOGRAPHIC HARVEST" of the past year, its discoveries in photographing with artificial light and with no light, "Some Old Things Stirred Up," such as questions of backgrounds and focus, and "Original Papers," which include an illustrated article on "Brittany," by A. R. Dresser, are the principal contents of "Photographic Mosaics" for 1894. (New York: Edward L. Wilson.)—"THE Catholic Family Annual" for 1894 has its customary variety of information on Catholic Church matters, with special articles about the educational exhibit at the World's Fair, and the Parliament of Religions, a biographical sketch of Brother Azarias and some "Chats with Cardinal Lavigne." (Catholic Publication Society Co.)

## The Lounger

MANY ERRONEOUS ideas prevail concerning authors, but none more so than the one that they are inspired—that is, that they tie a wet towel around their heads and "dash off" reams of "copy" at fever heat—which copy is sent to the printer at once by the hands of "the devil," who sits waiting for it in the hall. Such a *tour de force* is not impossible, and I dare say that such things have been done, particularly in the days when Grub Street was the literary headquarters. If you have read any of the descriptions of the methods of modern authors that are so constantly appearing in the newspapers, you must know that in these days, at any rate, the "fever heat" is not the heat at which they write. You will find that most of them write by the light of the sun, at regular hours, and that few consume the midnight oil, at least not in the way of work. Goldsmith may have written at a mad rate to appease the relentless dun, but the best literary work is that which is done with infinite pains. Even poets, who are supposed to be the most inspired of authors, do not "dash off" their lines. If they do, it is only the first draft. Then they rewrite and polish and work over as carefully as though they were making mathematical calculations. Did you ever see a manuscript of one of Charles Dickens's novels? If you have, I will venture to say that you found it hard to read, owing to the rewriting, the lines crossed out and the lines written in. Mrs. Humphry Ward works as carefully over her novels as though she were making the finest mosaic. I saw recently the *fourth* revision of the page-proofs of "Marcella," and even in this fourth going-over, words were changed and sentences reconstructed to make the whole more perfect. It was the English proof-sheets that I saw. In this country, correcting page-proofs to any great extent would be an expensive luxury. Here the pages are cast, that is, they are electrotyped; but in England, where the editions are so much smaller, and the books so much more costly, they are usually printed from the type.

IT MEANS A GOOD DEAL MORE in dollars and cents to be a successful author in England than in America. The average novel over there is published in three volumes and sold for about \$7.50. The greater number of them are bought by the circulating libraries. Mudie alone has been known to take five thousand copies of a popular book on one order. I don't know what the English trade discounts are, but, allowing that they are about the same as ours, there is \$22,500 right back in the publisher's hands from one source alone. On the half-profit plan the author gets a good lump sum down. And this is not the end. Five thousand more sets may be sold in other directions, so the English publisher can well afford to pay his author a much larger sum of money than the American publisher can. With us the book that sells in England for \$7.50 sells for \$1, which, as it costs just as much to put in type, does not leave a great margin of profit for either author or publisher. The American house of Macmillan & Co. is trying to do better by its authors by putting some of their novels into two volumes. It is not every author that can stand this severe trial in America. The Harpers did it with Gen. Lew Wallace's "Prince of India," and Macmillan & Co. have done it with "Katharine Lauderdale" and "Marcella"; but I am afraid that it can only be done successfully with these "certainties." The average reader in this country cares little for the appearance of a book. If it is popular, he wants to read it, and he wants it in the cheapest form. He reads it on the train, and at the end of his journey drops it with the morning paper in the "hospital box."

THE ESSAYIST MAY NOT FLOURISH in the United States, but we have at least cultivated one who is a mistress of the art. As there seems to be but one, need I print her name? And yet, though Miss Repplier does not write a great deal, she has a national reputation. She is not one of those who "dash off" their manuscript pages, if one may judge by a writer's style. She writes with care and painstaking, and seems to enjoy her work. There are touches here and there in her writings—see "Opinions" in the April *Atlantic*—that show that sense of humor which some curmudgeons would deny to women. I confess that there are no Mark Twains or Bill Nyes among the gentler sex, unless you incline to rank the creator of "Josiah Allen's Wife" with these two fun-makers; but I hardly think that you will. Miss Repplier's humor is of the sort that is found in the novels of George Eliot and Jane Austen, and in a measure such as scintillates through the pages of Lowell's essays. I do not rank Miss Repplier with Lowell as an essayist, bear in mind, but I say that she shares with him the gift of seeing the humorous side of a question; and it is a delightful gift, which both the reader and the writer enjoy.

W. J. R. WRITES:—"The interpretation which 'A Canadian' gives, in *The Critic* of March 17, of the passage from 'Childe Harold'—'a shadow of man's ravage,' etc.—seems to me far-fetched and inadmissible. However that may be, he is wrong in quoting, as a parallel instance of double meaning in a word,

Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since.'

Byron wrote:—

Thy waters washed them power while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since.'

That is, they owed their power to commerce. The line was misprinted in the first edition, and has retained that form in most of the editions since, though Byron protested against it, in a letter to Murray (Sept. 24, 1818), as follows:—"What does 'thy waters wasted them' mean (in the canto)? That is not me. Consult the MS. *always*." 'And many a tyrant since' refers to conquests by foreign fleets, *tyrant* being the object of *washed* (brought by sea). Byron might well ask what *wasted* meant in the passage. It must refer either to the encroachments of the sea on the land or to the wrecking of ships belonging to the countries; but the mention of either here would be weak.

"Shakespeare, by the by, has an allusion to the former kind of *wasting* in his 64th Sonnet:—

'When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the Kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss and loss with store,' etc.

Some critics have wondered that the poet should know anything of these phenomena; but they had become familiar on the east coast of England before his day. In 1346 Ravenspur (mentioned in 'Richard II.' ii. 1. 295), had suffered so much from the inroads of the sea that the merchants residing there removed to Hull. A few years later nearly all that remained of the town was swept away by the tides."

A READER of *The Critic* writes to me from Paris as follows:—"The different way in which the French and Americans aid the cause of higher education was strikingly shown the other day by two items which appeared in the same number of the *Temps*. On the fourth page was an announcement to the effect that the Count de Chambrun had created at the Sorbonne a lectureship in modern history and social economy, 'this being the first instance in the history of the University of Paris,' the *Temps* goes on to say—and this is the point to be noted—'that a private individual has endowed a chair of any kind.' On the second page of the journal was recorded the recent gift to the University of Chicago by Mr. Rockefeller of a sum equal to two and a half million francs. The fund left to the Sorbonne by Count de Chambrun cannot be much over 100,000f., for the annual income from it is 5000f. Thus, while the American gives \$500,000—and not his first gift, either, to the same institution—a Frenchman gives, for the first time in its history, about \$20,000 to one of the oldest universities of Europe."

## The Drama

### M. Mounet-Sully in "Hernani"

IT IS A LITTLE too soon yet to decide what place in the ranks of eminent actors ought to be awarded to M. Mounet-Sully of the Comédie Française, who made his first public appearance in this country in Abbey's Theatre, last Monday evening, in the character of Hernani, the bandit hero of Victor Hugo's famous but extravagant romantic drama. There can be no doubt that he is an actor of uncommon power and an artist of finished skill, but it is almost equally certain that his earliest effort here fell somewhat short of absolute triumph. This may be accounted for partly by the nervousness from which he is said to have suffered, and which certainly would have been natural in the circumstances; but the more reasonable explanation is that the play can only be relieved from frequent suspicion of absurdity by a much more brilliant general representation than it received on this occasion, and that he himself, well-preserved man as he is, has passed that period of life in which he could enact young lovers with full illusion.

Nevertheless, it must be granted that the illustrious Frenchman has many of the highest and rarest qualifications for heroic parts, such as an athletic and well-proportioned figure, a graceful carriage and a voice of great range and power and admirable quality, although it begins to show the effects of time and wear. His only physical drawback is to be found in his eyes, which are so curiously set as to impart a strange expression to his face at certain angles—a disadvantage which he shows great ingenuity in concealing. The most obvious criticism of his Hernani is its maturity, which is most clearly manifested when there is necessity for swift and impulsive action. In repose it is a very striking and picturesque figure, but in rapid motion about the stage, something of the grace and suppleness of youth is wanting, although there is never any deficiency of vigor, or of ardor. As a lover, M. Mounet-Sully has won some of his most brilliant successes, and his love-scenes with Doña Sol are still full of grace and tenderness as well as the warm glow of passion, although the mechanism is not always quite so well concealed as it might be. It is in the great crises of the play, where he has some high note of passion or despair to strike, that he reveals the extent of the power that has made his reputation. There are some fine bursts, for instance, in his meetings with the King, and in the scene with Ruy Gomez in the third act; but his greatest effect, which stamps him as an actor of far more than common mould, is wrought in the final act, when the notes of the fatal horn rudely awaken him from his dreams of love in the arms of Doña Sol. This sudden revulsion of feeling, from extreme joy to the intensest agony, he portrayed with masterly simplicity and strength, and his cry of anguish was truly tragic. He did not maintain himself for long at this height, but he did not fall much below it, and the whole of the closing scene was extremely effective, in spite of the unreality of the situation imagined by the author. The impersonation in its entirety was eminently good and thoroughly artistic, but it revealed no blinding flashes of genius nor any unmistakable results of inspiration.

Mme. Segond-Weber, also of the Théâtre Français, who appeared as Doña Sol, played the character on the lines laid down by Bernhard, and proved herself an actress of skill and force. Her passion, however, was rather loud than deep. The outline of the part she preserved with no little fidelity, but the spirit of the original was absent. Nevertheless, her performance was one of no common merit, and the applause which was bestowed upon her was fairly earned. M. Segond, as the King, was insignificant, and M. Prad, as Ruy Gomez, almost grotesque, while the other performers were of no account. In accordance with French tradition, everybody declaimed the lines in the monotonous sing-song, which is destructive of the best emphasis and soon becomes tedious to the ear.





## HOW I WROTE "LOOKING BACKWARD"

By EDWARD BELLAMY

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Mr. Bellamy tells what led him to write his famous book; how the idea of Nationalism first suggested itself to him; the growth of the *motif* of the book; to what extent he anticipated its great success, and whether "Looking Backward" is a fanciful creation.

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In the April Issue of

### The Ladies' Home Journal

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## The April Magazines

### "The Atlantic Monthly"

Mrs. Deland's "Philip and his Wife" reaches its thirteenth chapter in this number, and three short stories, "The Oath of Allegiance," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "Jerry and Personality," by Elisabeth Cavazza; and "The Windigo," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, form the minor fiction. "General Lee during the Campaign of the Seven Days," by Eben Greenough Scott, is a study of Lee's development as a military leader; "The Secret of the Wild Rose Path," by Olive Thorne Miller, is another study of nature; and "War's Use of the Engines of Peace," by Joseph L. Brent, explains itself. Richard Burton contributes a study of "Nature in Old English Poetry"; R. V. Tyrrell sketches the virtues and shortcomings of "Early Latin Poetry"; A. Lawrence Lowell writes of "The Referendum in Switzerland and America"; William R. Thayer points out "Some Causes of the Italian Crisis"; and Miss Repplier discusses "Opinions," literary and *quasi* so. There are two poems, "The Shepherd-Girl," by Josephine Preston Peabody, and "Supplication," by Julia C. Dorr; and the usual reviews and opinions of the Contributors' Club.

### WINTER IN OLD ENGLISH POETRY

"Old English literature," says Mr. Burton, "is rife with passages testifying to appreciation of the sterner mood of nature, a cognizance of her wintry phenomena, her rigors of land and sky and water."

"As a result," he continues, "of this dominant note of winter in old English poetry an effect of gloom and sternness is made on us, especially if we come to the study full of the tropic exuberance and troubadour gayety which run through the literary product of the Romance peoples; or if we are steeped in the bland brightness of classic imagery; or again, if we are conversant with the rich color and sensuous languors of some of the Oriental literatures. It is somewhat gray business, this harping on one string, this chronicling of only such objective phenomena as are characteristic of the frozen earth and the ice-beaten sea. Yet if sunny charm and color play and soft melody are wanting, there is great graphic power and a sort of wild music in many of the descriptions; we get good etchings, strong black-and-white work, if not the landscapes of Claude and Turner; and there is stimulation for one who has been bred in softer pleasures to turn for the nonce from scented rose gardens and lute tinklings to the sound of storm-swept pines, the smell of briny waters, and the sight of blood-flecked battle-shields shaken in mortal combat. 'Pretty' may not be the adjective to apply to such a poetic product, but 'fine' and 'strong' and 'virile' emphatically are."

### LATIN COMEDY

"In early Latin, poetry lapses into mere prose are common," observes Mr. Tyrrell, "and yet we often meet real poetry side by side with them." Of the work of Roman playwrights he says:—

"The most remarkable feature in Latin comedy is the fact that the scene was invariably laid out of Rome—usually at Athens,—and the dramatis personæ were of Greece, not Rome; so were the costumes and the coinage. In all the plays of Plautus and Terence we do not find mention of a single Roman coin; when Romans are mentioned, they are called *barbari*, and Italy is *barbaria*. Whether this was a police regulation which insisted that the scene should be laid abroad, lest Romans or Roman institutions should seem to be satirized, or whether it resulted from the incapacity of the Roman playwrights to rise from mere translation to adaptation, it is certain, at all events, that the Roman poets themselves accepted the situation and boasted of it. \* \* \* But still they aimed at presenting Roman society as it unfolded itself to their eyes. \* \* \* This attempt at the same time to give the piece a foreign character, and yet to bring the scenes home to the Roman audience, introduced certain confusions which impart a very odd semblance to Latin comedy. Roman gods and ritual, Roman legal and military terms, find their way into the Greek world; \* \* \* a speaker in a play in which the scene is laid in Ætolia, Ephesus, or Epidamnus will remark that he has just come from the Velabrum or the Capitolium."

### REFERENDUM AND INITIATIVE

In his lucid paper on "The Referendum in Switzerland and in America," Mr. Lowell thus clearly defines two institutions of the Swiss Commonwealth:—

"The Referendum is not the only institution to which democracy has given rise in Switzerland. Far more extraordinary, though much less valuable, is the Initiative. The Referendum merely gives the people power to veto laws passed by their representatives, and has therefore a purely negative effect; but the Swiss have a strong feeling that democracy is not complete unless the people

have also a right to propose laws directly, and the Initiative is intended to supply this deficiency. It is a device by which a certain number of citizens can demand a popular vote upon a measure in which they are interested, in spite of the refusal of the legislature to adopt their views. The federal constitution contains a recent provision of this kind, whereby any fifty thousand qualified voters may propose a specific amendment to the constitution, and require the matter to be submitted to the people."

### "The Century Magazine"

The April number is uncommonly rich in poetry, containing sonnets by Edmund Clarence Stedman, T. B. Aldrich, Stuart Sterne and Margaret J. Preston; a lyrical poem by Richard Henry Stoddard; verses that herald the coming of spring, "The Quest of the Arbutus," by Charles G. D. Roberts; and "The Red Box at Vesey Street" of the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, by H. C. Bunner. "Driven Out of Tibet," by Mr. W. Woodville Rockhill; an account of a balloon ascension, by Mr. Robert V. V. Sewell, in the Artists' Adventure Series; and an account of "Hunting an Abandoned Farm in Connecticut," by Mr. William Henry Bishop, form the papers of adventure. Mr. F. Marion Crawford leads the reader far from home in his interesting paper on "The Gods of India." Mr. Frank A. Mack describes the home, observatory and achievements of Mr. W. R. Brooks of Geneva, N. Y., in "A Comet-Finder"; and Mr. John G. Nicolay gives in "Lincoln's Literary Experiments" a foretaste of Lincoln's Speeches and Writings, to be published ere long. Particularly noticeable in this paper are some verses written by the great President in 1844. Dr. Edward Eggleston treats interestingly of "Wild Flowers of English Speech in America"; and Mrs. Florence Earle Coates contributes an interesting study of "Matthew Arnold," which is accompanied by a frontispiece portrait of the eminent critic, engraved by Tietze. Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps tells the story of "The Supply at Saint Agatha's," and the fiction of the number includes also the continuation of Mrs. Foote's "Cœur d'Alene" and of Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson." Col. George A. Waring discusses, in "Out of Sight, Out of Mind," our methods of sewage disposal; and among the editorial articles are "Voting by Machine" and "The Look from Above Downward," the latter a dignified protest against foreign criticism of American civilization, based on insufficient knowledge. "Forestry Legislation in Europe"; an account of Goethe's reference to paper money in the second part of "Faust," by Prof. Munroe Smith; "The Head of Sir Walter Scott" and "The Unity of the Sects" are among the subjects treated in Open Letters. The editor puts on record the statement of an officer who heard Gen. Bee give to Gen. Jackson the famous sobriquet of "Stonewall." Mr. André Castaigne tells in a series of fine full-page illustrations the story of the immigrant "From the Old World to the New"; Mr. Cole contributes an engraving of Hobbema's "The Avenue" to the series of Old Dutch Masters; "Millet's Life at Barbizon" is described by his younger brother, the article being accompanied by two engravings from paintings by Millet; and a picture of John Donoghue's statue of "Young Sophocles Leading the Chorus of Victory after the Battle of Salamis" is added to the American Artists' Series.

### LINCOLN'S WRITINGS

Mr. Nicolay writes of Lincoln's "Literary Experiments":—

"His first political address or circular is dated March 9, 1832, and was printed in the *Sangamon Journal* of March 15. As there had been neither time nor opportunity for schooling in any form since his arrival in Illinois, this written address gives us the measure of the intellectual development he must have brought with him from Indiana. It is an earnest, well arranged, and clearly expressed statement of his political views, discussing not merely the improvement of the Sangamon River, which was the local political hobby, but also railroads, usury, education, and the amendment of several specific statutes. As a literary production, no ordinary college graduate would need to be ashamed of it; as the program of an embryo legislator, it was probably fully up to the average of the best-educated of his competitors."

"Lincoln's poetical temperament is sufficiently evinced in his fine appreciation of Shakespeare, Burns, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and probably many other poets whom tradition has not brought to general knowledge. The music of Lincoln's thought was always in the minor key. His favorite poems, such as "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" and Holmes's "Last Leaf," specially emphasize this mood; they are distinctively poems of sadness. So also among Shakespeare's plays he found his chief fascination in "Macbeth," full of the same under-current of the great problems of life and destiny with which his own slight attempts at versification are in harmony. The date of Lincoln's verses likewise serves



to show that they sprang from the mere desire for a temporary change in his currents of thought. He tells us that he wrote them in the fall of 1844, when, as a candidate for presidential elector, he was making stump speeches in Indiana for Henry Clay. Weary with the monotony of political harangues, a visit to the graves of his mother and only sister touched and gave utterance to emotions which the hard, practical duties of his life, perhaps even more than the consciousness of literary imperfection, held in patient subjection."

"ELLEN TERRY IN 'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE'"

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich pays this tribute to the charming English actress:—

"As there she lives and moves upon the scene,  
So lived and moved this radiant womanhood  
In Shakespeare's vision; in such wise she stood  
Smiling upon Bassanio; such her mien  
When pity dimmed her eyelids' golden sheen,  
Hearing Antonio's story, and the blood  
Paled on her cheek, and all her lightsome mood  
Was gone. This shape in Shakespeare's thought has been!  
Thus dreamt he of her in gray London town;  
Such were her eyes; on such gold-colored hair  
The grave young judge's velvet cap was set;  
So stood she lovely in her crimson gown!  
Mine were a happy cast, could I but snare  
Her beauty in a sonnet's fragile net!"

NO BUDDHISTS IN INDIA

Mr. Crawford corrects a common impression, in "The Gods of India":—

"India has served many gods, and the monuments raised in their honor are countless. It appears to be generally believed at the present day that the religion of India is Buddhism. How this common impression gained ground it is hard to say. When Sir Edwin Arnold published 'The Light of Asia,' he did not think it necessary to state that Gautama the Master had no longer any following in the country which witnessed his birth and holy life; but Sir Edwin's book produced a religious revival, or something very like it, among a certain class of semi-intelligent readers who are continually foraging for some new titbit of religion with which to tickle the dull sense of their immortality into a relish for heaven. There are no Buddhists in India. There are many in Ceylon, and there is a sect of them in Nepal, an independent territory to the north on the borders of Buddhist Tibet. The religion vanished from India in the early centuries of the Christian era. The neo-Brahmans set up anti-Buddhas, so to speak, in the figures of Krishna, Mahadeva, and Rama—demigods and idols of the great neo-Brahmanic religions, Vishnu-worship and Siva-worship; and these swept everything else before them until the Mohammedan conquest; and at the present day, in one shape or another, these forms of belief are adhered to by five sixths of the population, the remainder being Mussulmans. The Buddhists are gone, though not without leaving behind them a rich legacy of philosophic thought, and many monuments of their artistic genius."

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S DEMOCRACY

Mrs. Florence Earle Coates reveals Matthew Arnold's interest in the status of American workmen. During his visits to this country, she says:—

"There were few things in which he manifested so eager an interest as in the conversation of our laboring men as overheard by him from time to time. Frequently he repeated to me sentences which had reached him in the street, upon the trains, or at railway stations, asking, 'Is not such intelligence uncommon amongst your working people?' Upon my replying in the negative, he would say, 'It is surprising; you would not meet with it in England.' A democrat by conviction rather than by temperament, urging democracy as 'the only method consistent with the human instinct toward expansion,' he was yet an educator, and believed in equality upon a high, not upon a low, plane. Like Ruskin, he demanded of men their best, and with less than their best refused to be satisfied."

THE ABANDONED FARM AGAIN

"A charming prima donna," says Mr. William Henry Bishop in "Hunting an Abandoned Farm in Connecticut," "having voyaged the world over, has chosen New Hartford above all other places for her country home. So has a well-known publisher, whom the heights of Town Hill do not dismay. It has been sought by a summer sketch-class from the metropolis, which, passing out beyond the thriving cotton-mill and its hamlet of French-Canadians, has found in the pleasant glades of the Farmington River, in the pine-groves, the hills, the gorges, on all sides, good subjects for its art. The masters were great fishermen, too, and are credited with

having taken out sixty trout of a morning. But here another illusion faded. The genial Lounger of *The Critic*—who deserves well of the Abandoned Farm, so far as the interest of literary men may have any share in ameliorating its case—was somehow, directly or indirectly, responsible for an account of a most attractive one to be had for no more than \$1300. But the price had gone up, by successive stages, since The Lounger wrote: it had advanced, in a brief lapse of time, first to \$1500, next to \$1800, and finally to \$2500.

"Harper's Monthly"

The frontispiece of this number is a picture of Hermione, by Mr. Edwin E. Abbey, accompanying, with eight other illustrations by the same artist, the "Winter's Tale," with comment by Mr. Andrew Lang. Lieut. S. A. Staunton describes a modern sea-fight, in "A Battle-Ship in Action"; Mr. Poultney Bigelow describes, and Mr. Frederic Remington illustrates, the "Emperor William's Stud Farm and Hunting Forest"; Mr. George W. Smalley contributes an elaborate defence of his friends of the House of Lords, in "The English Senate"; Mr. John Gilmer Speed draws a picture of Col. Matthew Lyon of Vermont, in "A Vigorous Politician of the Olden Time"; and Prof. Arthur T. Hadley treats of "Yale University." Mr. Brander Matthews's new Vignette of Manhattan is entitled "Spring in a Side Street." Other short stories in the number are "A Pale Girl's Face," by Ewan Macpherson; "The Monument to Corder," by Eva Wilder McGlasson; "Their Story," by George A. Hibbard; "The Writing on the Wall," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Promised Land," by Owen Wister; "An Affair of the Heart," by Grace King; and "An Interrupted Story," as told to his Grace, by William McLennan. "Race," a poem by Mr. W. D. Howells, is illustrated with a head-piece by Miss Mildred Howells; the other poems in the number are "The Wapentake," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; and "Witch-Hazel," by James E. Learned. George Du Maurier continues the story of "Trilby" in word and sketch, and Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith contributes a humorous story to the Editor's Drawer. "Prison Reform" and "The Reporter as Detective" are among the topics discussed by Mr. Warner. The illustrations are by W. T. Smedley, R. F. Zogbaum, F. V. Du Mond, C. S. Reinhart, W. H. Hyde, A. B. Frost, Albert E. Sterner and others.

THE PUBLIC AS CRITIC

"The Greeks," says Mr. Warner in the Editor's Study, "demand artistic perfection in technique." He continues:—

"The Greek poet and the Greek sculptor were not sure they had hit the mark until they had obtained the popular verdict. Then they were sure. A great deal has been said recently upon the desirability of criticism, of the knowledge and application, in all literary judgment, of certain eternal and cosmopolitan standards. In view of the Greek example it is asked whether this will ever be effective until we have an educated, discriminating, if not a highly critical public. Whatever may be true as to exceptional products of occasional genius, it seems clear that the mass of our literature can never be of a high order unless we have a discriminating public. Bakers, to use a familiar illustration, will continue to make poor bread until the public knows what good bread is, and demands it. The responsibility, therefore, for wholesome and helpful criticism rests more with the general public than with the professional critic, who can do little more than point the way, and be content to be considered a fault-finder, and also concealed, until the public is itself educated in the exercise of discrimination."

COLLEGE ATHLETICS

Prof. Hadley treats of Yale not merely as an institution of learning, but as a movement and growth and a factor in the history of the country. Of college athletics he says:—

"The development of college athletics has been of great service in counteracting some of the dangerous tendencies of the day. \* \* \* The physical training which they involve, good as it may be, is but a small part of the benefit achieved. The moral training is greater. Where scores of men are working hard for athletic honor, and hundreds more are infected by their spirit, the moral force of such an emulation is not to be despised. Critics may object, and do object, that athletic prowess is unduly exalted, and that it involves distortion of facts to rate the best football player or best oarsman higher than the best scholar or best debater. But the critic is not wholly right in this. There is a disposition in the college world to recognize in the highest degree anything which redounds to the credit of the college. \* \* \* What the critic deems to be preference for the body over the mind is in no small measure preference for collective aims over individual ones. \* \* \* Athletics, if properly managed, have still another moral advantage in training the students to honor a non-commercial standard of success. In these days,

when the almighty dollar counts for so much, this training is of first-rate importance. Of course athletics may be so managed as to be worse than useless in this respect. The least taint of professionalism, however slight, destroys the whole good; the growth of betting endangers it. Yale has by constant effort kept clear of professionalism, and much of her success in athletics has been due to this fact. \* \* \* On the whole, as athletics have been managed at Yale under the constant advice of the alumni, and without either fear or favor from the faculty, they have done great good and little harm, both physically and morally. If there is danger of distorted sense of proportion among the students, it is to be remedied not by less encouragement to athletics, but by more encouragement to study."

#### "RACE"

The following stanzas by Mr. Howells rank unquestionably among his happiest efforts in verse:—

<p>I. "Leave me here those looks of yours! All those pretty airs and lures: Flush of cheek and flash of eye; Your lips' smile and their deep dye; Gleam of the white teeth with- in; Dimple of the cloven chin; All the sunshine that you wear In the summer of your hair; All the morning of your face; All your figure's wilding grace; The flower-pose of your head, the light Flutter of your footsteps' flight: I own all, and that glad heart I must claim ere you depart.</p> <p>II. Go, yet go not unconsolated!</p>	<p>Sometime after you are old, You shall come, and I will take From your brow the sullen ache, From your eyes the twilight gaze Darkening upon winter days, From your feet their palsy pace, And the wrinkles from your face, From your locks the snow; the droop Of your head, your worn frame's stoop, And that withered smile within The kissing of the nose and chin: I own all, and that sad heart I will claim ere you depart.</p> <p>III. I am Race, and both are mine— Mortal Age and Youth divine: Mine to grant, but not in fee; Both again revert to me From each that lives, that I may give Unto each that yet shall live."</p>
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#### "THE ENGLISH SENATE"

"The writers and speakers," says Mr. Smalley, "who base their condemnation of the House of Lords on theory are, for most part, those to whom not only the house of Lords, but any Second Chamber whatever, is hateful. They are doctrinaires, and the foremost of them, Mr. John Morley, is not only a doctrinaire, but a sort of English Jacobin; the most amiable of men in private life, one of the most honorable and sincere in public life, but of an implacable austerity which too often hardens into bitterness. He it was who levelled at the Lords the phrase which has passed into a proverb among the agitators—End them or Mend them. That was the only alternative he would consider when he set out upon his crusade against the Upper House. Now he will hardly admit that there is an alternative. They must be ended. \* \* \* It is not necessary to take so extreme a view as Mr. Morley's, or to take an extreme view at all, in order to find material for censure in the constitution of the House of Lords. The House has existed for some six centuries. Since it came into being every institution in England has passed through various stages of change for the better. The Monarchy, the Church, the House of Commons—all have been transformed. The House of Lords alone remains, not indeed what it was in the beginning, for in the beginning it was mainly an ecclesiastical body, but remains, and has remained during three centuries, impervious to those influences which have modified everything else. The spirit of reform has passed it by. It has gained political authority and lost it again, its legislative constitution and place in the Constitution of the kingdom continuing all the while what they were. Democracy itself has left it thus far unaltered. It is therefore to-day a gigantic anachronism. It is not only out of date, but, for the most part, out of touch with the springs and sources of power. To use a French phrase, it is not *dans le mouvement*, and it rests still on the principle which, to modern ideas, is the most vicious of all principles of authority—the hereditary principle."

#### AMERICAN MUSIC

"During the past winter," writes Mr. Warner elsewhere in the *Study*, "there were performed from unpublished manuscripts a symphony in New York and Boston, and a quartet and quintet in these cities and in Hartford, composed by Antonin Dvorák, the Bohemian genius who has been sojourning in the United States,

which compositions for the first time made use of a distinctively American material for the highest purposes of art. Fortunately for his experiment, he found here the Kneisel Club to interpret the quartet and the quintet in the most sympathetic and artistic manner. In one sense the material was not new. What was new was Dvorák's use of it, his recognition of its adaptability to the highest musical purpose. What was called negro music, the music of the slaves on the Southern plantations, especially of the 'spirituals,' which were least tainted by white association, has always been a favorite with the American public. Immensely popular were the 'negro melodies' composed by Foster and others. Gottschalk entered somewhat the same field in his piano transcriptions of creole melodies and his frank imitations of the banjo. These were, however, imitations, or in the main sentimental departures from the *sui generis* African folk-songs. In Dvorák's attempts he has not in any way departed from the highest musical traditions. He has not attempted to idealize the negro melodies. He has used the American folk-songs in the scientific and we may say aristocratic (as distinguished from the vulgar) manner in which the somewhat similar folk-songs appear in Hungarian and Polish compositions. As Mr. H. E. Krehbiel says, 'he has shown that there are the same latent possibilities in the folk-songs which have grown up in America as in the folk-songs of other peoples.' This notable achievement was reserved for a foreigner, who was quick to perceive these possibilities—the existence of which has long been vaguely recognized—and turn them to the enrichment of the highest art."

#### "Scribner's Magazine"

Mr. Frank Bramley's "Old Memories" is the Type of Contemporary Painting in the April *Scribner's*, which contains, also, an article on "French Caricature of To-day," by Arsène Alexandre, and "A Word about Painting," by William A. Coffin. Octave Thanet contributes a study of "The Farmer in the South"; Gustav Kobbé gives an interesting account of the diver's "Life under Water"; Thomas Nelson Page tells a touching story of the last days of the Civil War in "The Burial of the Guns"; H. C. Bunner describes "The Bowery and Bohemia," past and present; Rasmus B. Anderson gives an account of "A Winter Journey up the Coast of Norway"; Peter A. Grotjan's "On Piratical Seas" is concluded; and Mr. Cable's "John March, Southerner," is continued, as is also William Henry Bishop's "A Pound of Cure." The poetry is by Anna C. Brackett, Dorothea Lummis, Duncan Campbell Scott, J. West Roosevelt, Edith M. Thomas and Mary Elizabeth Blake. "At Tully's Head" is a paper on Mr. Robert Dodsley's book-shop, his writings and his *World*, by Austin Dobson. The illustrations of the number are by A. B. Frost, Carlton T. Chapman, B. West Clinedinst, Chéret, Steinlen, Willette, Robida, Forain, Caran d'Ache, Guillaume, J. D. Woodward and Pérard.

#### THE BOHEMIAN

In his interesting and thorough study of New York's great feature, the Bowery and the Bohemia connected with it in the past and to-day, Mr. Bunner gives this happy pen-sketch:—

"A Bohemian may be defined as the only kind of gentleman permanently in temporary difficulties who is neither a sponge nor a cheat. He is a type that has existed in all ages and always will exist. He is a man who lacks certain elements necessary to success in this world, and who manages to keep fairly even with the world, by dint of ingenious shift and expedient; never fully succeeding, never wholly failing. He is a man, in fact, who can't swim, but can tread water. But he never, never, never calls himself a Bohemian—at least, in a somewhat wide experience, I have known only two that ever did, and one of these was a baronet. As a rule, if you overhear a man approach his acquaintance with the formula, 'As one Bohemian to another,' you may make up your mind that that man means an assault upon the other man's pocketbook, and that if the assault is successful the damages will never be repaired. That man is not a Bohemian; he is a beat. Your true Bohemian always calls himself by some euphemistic name. He is always a gentleman at odds with fortune, who rolled in wealth yesterday and will to-morrow, but who at present is willing to do any work that he is sure will make him immortal, and that he thinks may get him the price of a supper. And very often he lends more largely than he borrows."

#### FRENCH CARICATURE

M. Arsène Alexandre points out the characteristics of German and English caricature, and then describes the "ordinary run" of the art in France:—

"In this ordinary run, facile and mediocre as it is, hardly anything can be called a characteristic except a certain light and superficial gayety, not always very generous in its spirit, and often of



a taste not above mediocrity—but withal a certain dash, with which the average passer-by, if he is good-natured, may be content. This is not sufficient, perhaps, to give to French caricature any very personal or attractive physiognomy, and taken generally, its greatest fault is that it does not make you *think*; but with certain masters of the art all this changes. The observation deepens and penetrates into the most intimate human secrets, and the drawing takes on an epic, magisterial character. The laugh which it excites has a shade of true philosophy, the satire stings and burns. These are no longer jokes, but real scenes in comedy. \* \* \* Among others there is a graceful and winged fancy; a flashing *aspérierie*; an elegant impertinence, sometimes going so far that it could only be expressed in an untranslatable word—*rosserie*; especially a constant preoccupation with Woman, which, big children as we are, implies almost as much fear as railery. But the artists in whom these different tendencies are embodied are hardly more than half a dozen (of course I speak of the present moment); those who, if it cannot be absolutely demonstrated that we have, like other nations, an excellent caricature, enable us to say that we have at least a few *caricaturists* of the first rank."

## ROBERT DODSLEY

Mr. Austin Dobson draws a graphic picture of the literary London of the eighteenth century in "At Tully's Head," and pays this tribute to the memory of its proprietor:—

"His life is really little more than the record of the books he published; but if any biography may fairly resemble a catalogue, it should certainly be that of a publisher. His reputation as an author is not now very high; and indeed, when allowance is made for the adventitious interest which attached to his first efforts, little remains to him but the merits of facility and industry. He himself doubted Johnson's comparison of 'Cleone' with the masterpieces of Otway; and we can no longer verify that comparison where alone it could be verified effectively, since both Dodsley and the author of 'Venice Preserv'd,' if they are not absolutely forgotten, have long ceased to be acted. As a verse-man, he fails to follow Prior; but he vindicated, in a tolerable epigram, the fame of Prior against the sneer of Gilbert Burnet; \* \* \* although he figures in the collections of Chalmers and Anderson, he is more eminent in his business than in his literary capacity. The man who nowadays should produce the works of the leading poets, philosophers, fine gentlemen (if there were any), historians, and critics, and at the same time acquire their esteem and affection, would certainly be entitled to rank as a remarkable personage. Such, in his own time, was the privilege of Robert Dodsley. Besides reprinting old plays and establishing the *Annual Register*, he published for Pope and Gray, for Johnson and Burke, for Warton and Spence, for Walpole and Chesterfield; and none of them spoke ill of him. This is something—enough, it may be, to justify the dedication of these brief pages to his memory."

## AMERICAN ART

Mr. William A. Coffin protests, in "A Word about Painting," against the general modern tendency "to decry old ways and old things because they are old, and to run hither and thither acclaiming as a genius whosoever does something that bears the brand of novelty, no matter how grotesque and insufficient it may be, judged by the standards of art that have prevailed in all the great schools for centuries." His inquiry as to how far this tendency has influenced our painters leads him to say:—

"At the Chicago Exhibition no intelligent observer could fail to be struck by the individuality of the work of American painters. There was a certain amount that was conventional and a good deal that was not technically very strong, but in every gallery there was evidence that in choice of subject, and the way taken to present the artist's thoughts or impressions, our painters are personal. This exhibition, good as it was, was not as good as it might have been if all the best pictures painted since 1876 could have been obtained, and room made to hang them. It showed, however, that American painting has a character of its own. It showed that there are strong men both among those at home and those abroad, and that the number of painters possessed of a technical equipment sufficient to do very creditable work is surprisingly large. In the annual exhibitions of the Society of American Artists, and to some extent in those of the National Academy of Design in New York, this skill in the *métier* is apparent. Considering the Chicago Exhibition and these exhibitions for the past four or five years together, there can be no room for doubt that American painting is quite equal to that of any other country in variety of motive and individual force."

## LOVE IN FICTION

"My cousin Anthony," says a writer in *The Point of View*, "who once made a book, and relieves his mind pretty regularly in the

periodical press, was saying, the other day, that he had been taken regularly to task by two dames of his acquaintance because he did not dwell oftener in his literary deliverances upon the incident of love. Love, they told him—and he said they were both matrons who had lived long enough in the world to know—was the best thing in life, and there was nothing that people liked better to read about. They insisted that it was a professional blunder on his part not to write love-stories and not to work more of the tender passion into his business generally. Anthony said that he promised to amend, but he admitted that he had small hopes of doing so, for he never had been able to make love-literature and it was late in life for him to begin. He insisted that the love that was of real value in the world wasn't interesting, and that the love that was interesting wasn't always admirable. Love that happened to a person like the measles or fits, and was really no particular credit to itself or its victims, was the sort that got most into books and was made much of; whereas the kind that was attained to by the endeavor of true souls, and that had wear in it, and that made things go right instead of tangling them up, was too much like duty to make satisfactory reading for people of sentiment."

## "The North American Review"

Cardinal Gibbons opens *The North American Review* for April with his "Personal Reminiscences of the Vatican Council"; Justin McCarthy, M.P., writes of "New Parties in Parliament"; and the Hon. Thomas A. Carter of "The Republican Outlook." The Hon. William F. Wharton considers "Reform in the Consular Service"; the President of Brown University the questions of "Tariff Reform and Monetary Reform"; Arthur Silva White advocates "An Anglo-American Alliance"; Dr. Joseph H. Senner describes "How We Restrict Immigration"; and Gov. Stone of Mississippi corrects some mistaken impressions, held in the North, in "The Suppression of Lawlessness in the South." Dr. Louis Robinson deals with "Wild Traits in Tame Animals"; Charles H. Cramp with "Our Navigation Laws"; Mark Twain tells the "Private History of the 'Jumping Frog' Story"; and Robert A. Pinkerton reveals the routine of "Forgery as a Profession." "Delicacy, True and False," by William Matthews, LL.D.; "College Theatricals as We Have Them," by E. I. Stevenson, and "Land Held Out of Use," by J. W. Bengough are three shorter articles.

## MARK TWAIN AS PLAGIARIST

"Five or six years ago," says Mark Twain, "a lady from Finland asked me to tell her a story in our Negro dialect, so that she could get an idea of what that variety of speech was like."

"I told her," he continues, "one of Hopkinson Smith's Negro stories, and gave her a copy of *Harper's Monthly* containing it. She translated it for a Swedish newspaper, but by an oversight named me as the author of it instead of Smith. I was very sorry for that, because I got a good lashing in the Swedish press, which would have fallen to his share but for that mistake; for it was shown that Boccaccio had told that very story, in his curt and meagre fashion, five hundred years before Smith took hold of it and made a good and tellable thing out of it. I have always been sorry for Smith. But my own turn has come now. A few weeks ago Prof. Van Dyke of Princeton asked this question:—'Do you know how old your Jumping Frog story is?' And I answered, 'Yes—forty-five years. The thing happened in Calaveras County in the spring of 1849.' 'No; it happened earlier—a couple of thousand years earlier; it is a Greek story.'"

"I was astonished—and hurt. I said:—'I am willing to be a literary thief if it has been so ordained; I am even willing to be caught robbing the ancient dead alongside of Hopkinson Smith, for he is my friend and a good fellow, and I think would be as honest as anyone if he could do it without occasioning remark; but I am not willing to antedate his crimes by fifteen hundred years. I must ask you to knock off part of that.' But the professor was not chaffing; he was in earnest and could not abate a century. He named the Greek author, and offered to get the book and send it to me and the college text-book containing the English translation also. I thought I would like the translation best, because Greek makes me tired. January 30th he sent me the English version, and I will presently insert it in this article. It is my Jumping Frog tale in every essential. It is not strung out as I have strung it out, but it is all there. To me this is very curious and interesting. Curious for several reasons. For instance: I heard the story told by a man who was not telling it to his hearers as a thing new to them, but as a thing which they had witnessed and would remember. \* \* \* Now, then, the interesting question is, did the frog episode happen in Angel's Camp in the spring of '49, as told in my hearing that day in the fall of 1865? I am perfectly sure that it did. I am also sure that its duplicate happened in Boeotia a couple of thousand years ago."

## THE LULL IN IMMIGRATION

"Immigration has practically come to a standstill," declares Dr. Joseph H. Senner:—

"Immigration has practically come to a standstill. We have to look back beyond the year 1880 to find figures so low as those for the months of January and February, 1894. If we take into consideration the unprecedented number of emigrants from the United States to Europe since August, 1893, and the fact that an exceedingly large portion of all the recent immigrants has consisted of mere relatives (members of the same family) of residents of this country, we may well state that immigration has substantially ceased. \* \* \* Our foreign-born residents are themselves too deeply engaged in the hardest struggle for life to spare money to pay the passage of their European relatives or friends, or to assist them to earn a living. Their letters to the old fatherland are no longer filled with the spirit of bragging, so common among newcomers who have exchanged a life of deprivation for a civilized standard and for the prospects of healthy prosperity. Such glowing letters, the very best and in fact the only efficient immigration agents, are replaced by tales of woe not much less heart-rending than those told by the European kinsfolk and friends, and certainly much more sad and impressive because unexpected. To make matters worse, an unprecedentedly large number of would-be Americans returning to Europe have additional and aggravated tales of woe to relate. Whether they have returned voluntarily, \* \* \* or whether they have been forced to return by the watchful gatekeepers of the United States as undesirable, they become in either case anti-immigration agents of the most effective type."

## "The Forum"

The April number opens with a discussion of "Mr. Cleveland's—Failure?" by "An Independent"; it is followed by another political article on "Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Crisis in England," by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins. Mr. G. Stanley Hall opens a discussion of "American Universities and the training of Teachers" with an important paper, which is to be followed in future numbers of *The Forum* by others on the same subject. Mr. Virchand R. Ghandi explains "Why Christian Missions Have Failed in India," claiming that Hindu philosophy is all-sufficing, satisfying the cravings of the simplest mind, acceptable to the intellectual giant. Dr. George F. Shady records a glorious page in the nation's scientific history, in "American Achievements in Surgery"; and this article is followed by two of immediate interest—"A Definite Step toward Municipal Reform," by Herbert Welsh; and "The Irish Conquest of Our Cities," by John Paul Bocock. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt adds some wise words to the discussion of "What 'Americanism' Means"; Mr. Aldace F. Walker gives an answer to the question, "Has the Interstate Commerce Law Been Beneficial?"; and *The New York Evening Post's* declaration that "we do not want any more States until we can civilize Kansas" has caused Mr. J. W. Glead to ask, "Is New York More Civilized than Kansas?" himself furnishing an answer that is as violent as it is amusing and humiliating to the citizens of this city and State. Miss Agnes Repplier is more in earnest and cleverer than ever, in her "Gentle Warning to Lecturers," which protests against the superficiality of much of our culture; Mr. E. V. Smalley writes on "Has Farm Machinery destroyed Farm Life?"; and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie discusses "A Notable New Book—Mrs. Ward's 'Marcella.'"

## "CULTURE"

Miss Repplier ridicules the present mania for lectures on everything, and the belief in their efficacy as sources of knowledge:—

"The necessity of knowing a little about a great many things is the most grievous burden of our day. It deprives us of leisure on the one hand, and of scholarship on the other. \* \* \* The notion is gradually gaining ground that common-school education is as good as college education; that extension lectures and summer classes are acceptable substitutes for continuous study and mental discipline; that reading translations of the classics is better, because easier, than reading the classics themselves; and that attending a 'Congress' of specialists gives us, in some mysterious fashion, a very respectable knowledge of their specialties. It is after this manner that we enjoy, in all its varied aspects, that energetic idleness which Mr. Bagehot recommends as a deliberate sedative to our restless self-esteem. \* \* \* What we lack in quantity, however, we are pleased to make up in variety. We range freely over a mass of subjects from the religion of the Phenicians to the poets of Australia, and from the Song of Solomon to the latest electrical invention. We have lectures in the morning upon Plato and Aristotle, and in the afternoon upon Emerson and Arthur Hugh Clough. We take a short course of German metaphysics—which is supposed to be easily compressed into six lectures—and follow it up immediately with another

on French art or the folk-lore of the North-American Indians. No topic is too vast to be handled deftly, and finished up in a few afternoons. A fortnight for the Renaissance, a week for Greek architecture, ten days for Chaucer, three weeks for anthropology. It is amazing how far we can go in a winter, when we travel at this rate of speed."

## MRS. WARD'S NEW BOOK

"In 'Robert Elsmere' and 'David Grieve,'" says Mr. Mabie, "a great talent was at work; but the question whether behind the talent there was that originating force which we call genius, was left unanswered. In 'Marcella' that question is answered beyond a doubt."

"Mrs. Ward," he continues, "has brought the relativity of the social problem into striking relief by the power with which she has set the misery and tumult of the lower half of the world against the repose and culture—the deep, rich culture of centuries of the best influences—of the upper half of the world. Nothing could be more effective than the contrast, never obtruded but always present, between the ripe and opulent life of the English gentleman of rank and wealth, and the rawness, soreness and restlessness of those whom fortune has disinherited. The poacher, the peasant, the agitator, the labor-leader, the tragic figures who suffer and die in the slums, gain in pathos, if not in dignity, by the disclosure of those indissoluble ties which make society a unit in its interests and sorrows in spite of its differences of condition. In that interlocking of interests lies the apparently insoluble element in the problem, but in it is found also its deep and passionate dramatic interest. The eager young girl, bearing in her own heart the anguish of her little world, and of the larger world so far as she knows it, breaks into fiery revolt against the established order, and flings herself into the struggle as if a single rushing charge would crowd the old wrongs into the sea. But that close personal contact reveals the immensity of the problem and brings out its moral elements: the fundamental differences are seen to be in character; and while institutions must be changed in order that character may be changed, the slowness and complexity of the process becomes at first a new anguish to the sacrificial temper of the girl. \* \* \* So many words about the problem with which the story deals must not be suffered to convey the impression that 'Marcella' is only another social study; it is dramatic in the deepest sense from beginning to end, and more than once its dramatic movement rises to a great height. There are passages and scenes in it which, in force and intensity, come very near the greatest things in English fiction."

## "Lippincott's Magazine"

"The Flying Halcyon," by Col. Richard Henry Savage, is the complete novel in the April *Lippincott's*, which contains also another instalment of Gilbert Parker's "The Trespasser." There are two short stories, "Cap'n Patti" of the Salvation Army, by Elia W. Peattie, and "For Remembrance," by Elizabeth W. Bellamy. Mr. P. F. de Gournay devotes an article to the almost forgotten "F. M. C.'s of Louisiana"; Chief-Justice Abraham Forrester tells about "Hawaiian Traditions"; Mr. H. C. Walsh explains an experiment in "Co-operative House-Keeping," now being made at Brookline, Mass.; and Mr. George J. Varney describes "Storage-Battery Cars." Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "The Librarian among his Books" is not only a sketch of the Library of Congress and its Custodian, it is also a source of much practical information for the literary man. Mr. Junius Henri Brown studies Balzac's women in "Heroines of the Human Comedy." There is an Easter hymn, by M. S. Paden, and poems by Celia A. Hayward and Charles Calvin Ziegler.

## ABOUT COPYRIGHT

Mr. Hawthorne records the following conversation with Mr. Spofford:—

"Do the dollars for legitimate copyrights belong to the Library?" "Oh no: they all go to the Treasury: about a hundred and fifty, more or less, every day. We don't get a cent of them." "You said just now that there could not be copyright in a name. You don't mean, I suppose, that the name or title of a book is not copyright? I can't publish a novel, for instance, which has the same title as another novel?" "The law is," said Mr. Spofford, emphatically, "that the substance, the literary contents, of a book or publication may be protected by copyright, but not the name,—not the title. You may call your next book 'Vanity Fair' or 'The Quick or the Dead,' if you please; the law will have nothing to say to you, though as a matter of expediency, it is well not to duplicate titles. Only you must be careful not to put the original story, whatever it may be, between the covers."

"This information was new to me. Perhaps it may be new to some of my literary brethren likewise."



"Speaking about copyright," I said, "has the new international measure made much difference in literature yet?" "We are beginning to receive a good many foreign applications. The law is hampered by the restrictive clause compelling manufacture on this side. A great mass of commonplace foreign matter will not be copyrighted, and can therefore still be printed free. \* \* \* And, by the way, the Canadians have refused to grant us reciprocity in copyright. American books are not protected in Canada, in spite of the British assurances regarding the attitude of 'British Possessions' towards the matter."

#### HAWAIIAN CUSTOMS

Chief-Justice Fornander draws some interesting comparison between Hawaiian, ancient Hebrew and Indian rites and customs:

"The manner of disposing of the dead in the Hawaiian Islands is also in accord with the Hebrew custom. The body was embalmed and covered with a glutinous substance or wash, to seal effectually the pores of the skin and exclude all air. The body was then deposited in the side of a precipice. The practice of immolating one or more wives of a chief was carried on to a considerable extent in the Hawaiian group in earlier days. \* \* \* This practice can be traced to the Vedic Hindoos, the only difference being that the wife was immolated on the funeral pyre. Some stress has been laid on the peculiar institutions called cities of refuge, or Pun-honua, which were found to have obtained prominence among the Hawaiians, and which have been quoted as another instance of Hebrew influence upon the customs and culture of the islanders. The cities of refuge, however, were not peculiar to the Hebrews. They existed in the time of ancient Greece. \* \* \* Besides the traditions of the Hawaiians, their practice of incantation and divination, and many peculiarities of their language, show a relation not only with the Hebrews, but also with the fire-worshippers of Persia, the Brahmins and Buddhists of India, and other branches of the Aryan race."

#### "The Popular Science Monthly"

Dr. Andrew D. White contributes to this number a new Chapter in the Warfare of Science, on "Theological Teachings regarding the Animals and Man"; Mr. George A. Rich shows, in "Trusts their Own Corrective," that combinations which have sought to make unreasonable profits have worked their own destruction; Prof. Joseph Le Conte acknowledges in "New Lights on the Problem of Flying" that Prof. Langley's experiments have convinced him of the possibility of its solution; "The Method of Homing Pigeons" is an interesting study, by Prof. C. F. Hodge, who shows that these birds, at least, do not possess the inscrutable instinct with which they are credited; Mr. Alfred R. Wallace's paper on "The Ice Age and its Work" is completed; and Mr. Walter Lodian gives an historical sketch of "A Century of the Telegraph in France." Mr. William W. Billson gives some astonishing information concerning the ownership of land in "Legal Development"; Herbert Spencer's tribute to "The Late Professor Tyndall" follows; and Prof. James D. Dana discusses whether there were one or two glacial epochs in "On New England and the Upper Mississippi Basin in the Glacial Epoch." Mr. Horatio T. Martin gives an illustrated account of "The Beaver-Eater"; and M. Lazare Popoff traces "The Origin of Art" to prehistoric times. There is a sketch, with portrait, of L. D. von Schweinitz; and a letter pointing out that "no law forbidding a man to kiss his wife on the seventh day was ever on the statute-books of any New England colony," whereat people of Puritan or Pilgrim ancestry will rejoice exceedingly.

#### SCIENTIFIC IMAGINATION

In his tribute to the late Prof. Tyndall, Mr. Spencer thus speaks of the scientific use of the imagination:—

"There prevail, almost universally, very erroneous ideas concerning the nature of imagination. Superstitious peoples, whose folklore is full of tales of fairies and the like, are said to be imaginative; while nobody ascribes imagination to the inventor of a new machine. Were this conception of imagination the true one, it would imply that, whereas children and savages are largely endowed with it, and whereas it is displayed in a high degree by poets of the first order, it is deficient in those having intermediate types of mind. But, as rightly conceived, imagination is the power of mental representation, and is measured by the vividness and truth of this representation. So conceived, it is seen to distinguish not poets only, but men of science; for in them, too, 'imagination bodies forth the forms [and actions] of things unknown.' It does this in an equal, and sometimes even in a higher degree; for, strange as the assertion will seem to most, it is nevertheless true that the mathematician who discloses to us some previously un-

known order of space-relations, does so by a greater effort of imagination than is implied by any poetic creation. The difference lies in the fact that, whereas the imagination of the poet is exercised upon objects of human interest and his ideas glow with emotion, the imagination of the mathematician is exercised upon things utterly remote from human interest, and which excite no emotion: the contrasted appreciations of their respective powers being due to the circumstance that whereas people at large can follow, to a greater or less extent, the imaginations of the poet, the imaginations of the mathematician lie in a field inaccessible to them, and practically non-existent."

#### THE ORIGIN OF ART

"We are accustomed," says M. Lazar Popoff, "to say that Egypt is the cradle of the arts; yet archaeologists have demonstrated that the earliest works of art are of epochs far anterior to the ancient Egyptian civilizations."

"According to these authors," he continues, "these works were contemporaneous with the presence of the reindeer in the south of France, and of a time when the mammoth had not yet disappeared, and when man, ignorant of the metals, made all his instruments of stone, wood, and bone. In reality, the first works of art, particularly the first efforts at drawing, date from prehistoric times. In France they are found in caverns by the side of the fossil remains of animals now extinct, like the mammoth, or which have abandoned those regions, like the reindeer, in the shape of drawings engraved with flint points as decorations of articles of reindeer horn, such as dagger handles and clubs. Drawings have also been observed on tablets of stone, horn, or ivory derived from mammoth's teeth. We do not intend to dwell on the rudimentary, merely outline drawings, of which these ornaments consist. We invite special attention to more perfect and more characteristic works, in which, as Carl Vogt remarks, the spirit of observation and imitation of Nature, especially of living Nature, is remarkably manifest. The figure of the mammoth attracts our notice at once. A drawing found in the cavern of *La Magdelaine*, in the Dordogne, engraved on a tablet of mammoth bone, is marked by the strikingly clumsy attitude of the unwieldy body of the animal, by its long hair, the form of its lofty skull with concave front, and its enormous recurved tusks. All these features, characteristic of this extinct type of pachyderm, have been reproduced by the designer with a really artistic accuracy. The mammoth was already rare in Europe when this primitive artist lived; and that, perhaps, is the reason why only two among the numerous drawings found in the caverns of France are of that animal. The second of these drawings, which was found in *La Losère*, is a mammoth's head sculptured on a club."

#### "The Cosmopolitan"

The writings of the first Napoleon, which have hitherto been unknown to all but the most thorough students of his life and history, begin to attract at last the attention they deserve. In the April *Cosmopolitan* has been published a story from his pen, with an "authentication" of the manuscript, by M. Frédéric Masson. Anne H. Wharton writes of "Some Colonial Women," with portraits; Mr. G. T. Ferris tells "The Romance of the Great Canal" of Suez; Mr. V. Gribayedoff describes the life of the Russian man-of-war's man "Under the Cross of St. Andrew," illustrating it with his graceful sketches. Mr. Sewall Read contributes a short story, "Graham's Bungalow"; Mr. Howells's Altrurian gives a real estate agent's description of tenements, flats and apartments in a plutocratic city, and then grows mildly hysterical over the degradation of the back-elevator by which the down-trodden American servant-girl is obliged to reach her place of servitude on the 8th floor; Armando P. Valdés continues his new novel, "The Origin of Thought"; Mr. Edward W. Bok contributes a paper on "The Employer and the Young Man," which is perfectly sober and serious, but has been embellished for some inscrutable reason with comic illustrations; the Rev. E. E. Hale writes of "Home Rule in Cities"; Robert H. Syms tells the story of "A Phantom in the Mines," and Mr. E. R. Spearman gives a description of the French *mont-de-piété*, in connection with the Provident Loan Society started in this city to make usury by pawnbrokers impossible. Alice A. Sewall and Francis B. Cabell contribute poems, and Sarcey, Andrew Lang, Spielhagen, Zangwill and Miss Repplier discuss the usual literary topics. The papers on the Progress of Science are also full of interest.

#### A STORY BY NAPOLEON

This overwrought story was written by Napoleon in 1788, when he was a lieutenant of artillery. About this period he was also engaged on gathering material for a history of Corsica, and his hatred of the French, the persecutors of Theodore and Paoli, is expressed with undisguised ferocity. Speaking of the revolt of his people

against the Genoese oppressors, the narrator of the story says:—

"In this world wicked men find friends, and the French came to the assistance of our foes. Defeated at first, they finally were conquerors. The plains and the cities submitted. As for me, I sought a refuge among those who had sworn not to survive the liberties of the land. After numerous vicissitudes, Paoli di Rostino was appointed chief magistrate and general. We expelled our tyrants. We were free and happy, when the French, who are said to be the enemies of freedom, came with sword and torch, and drove Paoli to flight and the nation to submission. My friends and I kept up hostilities for eight years longer. During that time I saw forty of my companions publicly executed. One day we resolved to avenge ourselves. Sixty of us, all that remained of the champions of liberty, went down into the plain and captured more than a hundred of the French. We were conducting them to our homes, when we learned that these had been seized by the French forces. I left my companions and hastened to the rescue of my unfortunate father. I found him weltering in his blood. He had still strength enough to say to me: 'My son, avenge me; it is nature's first law. Die like me, if necessary; but never acknowledge the French as masters.'"

#### "THE NAUTILUS"

The following verses, by Mr. Edmund Gosse, breathe the "Greek spirit" over which Mr. Thompson and Mr. Burroughs are at war:—

"Venus, take this shell, Gift of me a bride! Once it rose and fell On thy mooney tide: Let its pearly bulwarks dwell By thy side.	My fond crew afraid; Goddess, goddess; come, I cry, To my aid!
Rigged with gossamer, O'er thy seas it flew; Never a wind would stir Cord or sail or crew; Halcyon-like this mariner Cleft the blue.	Is it bliss or woe, Nevermore to be On the full heart's flow, Indolent and free, As this shell was long ago On the sea?
Blithe even so was I, Gay, light-hearted maid; Now my sails are dry,	Venus, take this shell, Pearly like a tear! Ah! I cannot tell What I wish or fear; Guard me through the miracle, Dread and dear."

#### "McClure's Magazine"

A portrait of Émile Zola forms the frontispiece of the April *McClure's*, and it is accompanied by an article on "Émile Zola at Home," with his own account of his life and work, reported by R. H. Sherard. W. Clark Russell has a story, "Captain Jones of 'The Rose,'" with illustrations by W. H. Overend; Robert Barr, another, "The Typewritten Letter," illustrated by Harry C. Edwards. Archdeacon Farrar discusses "Christianity—True and False"; E. C. Cotes writes of "The Poisonous Snakes of India," with drawings by H. L. Brown; and James B. Wilson tells of "An Actual Experience under Fire" at the Battle of Stone River. The Human Documents of the month consist of series of portraits of Prof. Henry Drummond, Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Miss Ellen Terry. There is also a character-study of the latter, by Ethel Mackenzie McKenna. E. Jay Edwards writes of "The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst"; this article is illustrated with portraits and drawings from life. Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Ebb Tide" is continued in this number.

#### ZOLA'S APPEARANCE

Mr. Sherard's account of the French master includes his home and daily life as well as his work and its aim. Of his appearance he says:—

"The general opinion about Zola's appearance is, with those who have never seen him, that he is a burly man, stout, slow, and sensual. The first sight of him is even a greater surprise than the first examination of his abode. A small, thin man, nervous in manner, with terrible wrinkles all over his face, he looks like an ascetic, a man of sorrow. It is only when speaking on any subject in which he is greatly interested that his pale and careworn face lights up, that his remarkable eyes flash fire, and the inner man betrays himself through his insignificant envelope. When he sits talking, his invariable attitude is with the right leg thrown over the left, and from beginning to end of the conversation he jerks his foot from left to right and back again in rapid motion. He has a quiet, deep voice, but is constantly troubled with a nervous cough, and soon shows signs of fatigue. He speaks at an extraordinary speed and without hesitation, no matter what the subject may be."

#### ELLEN TERRY

The article on the gifted actress contains information that will interest her admirers, and give them glimpses of her private as

well as of her professional life. "She has been on the stage," we learn, "almost since she can remember":—

"Her father and mother were in the profession, and she was born when they were touring in the provinces. Coventry is her birthplace, but her admirers can mark the spot by no commemorative stone, for her parents retained no recollection of its situation. Meanwhile the townspeople are in rivalry over the honor of dwelling beneath the roof that first sheltered Ellen Terry, and visitors to Coventry are bewildered by more than one notice informing the curious that 'This is the house' where she was born. She made her first appearance at the old Princess Theatre in London, under the management of the Keans, when she was seven years old, playing Mamillius in 'The Winter's Tale.' Her elder sister Kate, now Mrs. Arthur Lewis, was already quite an experienced actress, having made her debut at the age of three and a half. The sisters played together in several productions, notably in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, when the elder was Titania and the younger Puck. While still children they went on a tour under the management of their father, Mr. Benjamin Terry. On their youthful shoulders rested the whole weight of the entertainment; they were the only artists in the company. Their repertoire consisted of a little sketch entitled 'Poor Relations,' especially written for them by Mr. Morton, and another short play of the same character."

#### "John Oliver Hobbes"

THE SAN FRANCISCO *Argonaut* says that Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes")—of whom Mr. Waugh had something to say in his London Letter, last week, in connection with other successful



women novelists in England—that she was born of American parentage in the State of New York. "Her maiden name was Pearl Richards, and she was educated in London, where she now resides with her parents at 56 Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W. When quite young she married an Englishman, Richard Craigie, by whom she had one child, and from whom she is divorced. Although the mother of a son of three years, she is now but twenty-five years of age. She has a cousin, Mrs. Dudley C. Bates, residing in San Francisco."

WHILE a student at Oxford, Mr. Gladstone was one of the competitors for the Ireland scholarship, but failed. "Desultory beyond belief," is what the principal examiner wrote on his paper, and this gentleman went so far as to charge the great statesman that was to be with "throwing dust into the examiners' eyes, like a man who, when asked 'Who wrote God Save the King?' answered, 'Thomson wrote 'Rule Britannia.'"



## London Letter

SOME LITTLE STIR was caused a week or so ago by the announcement of a fresh volume upon the old, but ever green subject of Junius's Letters, and the title was certainly sufficiently impressive. "Junius Revealed, by his Only Surviving Grandson," is without doubt a legend that seems to carry authority with it; and there have already appeared one or two reviews which, written by men without special information on the subject, have accepted Mr. H. R. Francis's statements as conclusive. But the energetic reviewer cannot be a specialist; and as I know that the literary public in America takes a great interest in the Junius question, I threw myself upon the kindly courtesy of Mr. W. Fraser Rae, who is well known as a leading authority on the subject, and he most generously consented to give me, in a long and very interesting conversation, the full benefit of his views upon what has been claimed to be a new discovery. The result is rather disappointing to the sensation-seeker. In the whole book there is, Mr. Rae assures me, no discovery at all. So far, indeed, from throwing new light upon the identity of Junius, Mr. Francis has not adduced a single argument which the opponents of the Franciscan theory have not already combated; and in his very first sentence he takes for granted the assumption upon which his whole book is based.

But let me state a few of the facts which Mr. Fraser Rae set before me. There are certain crucial points which the writer who would prove that Sir Philip Francis was Junius must inevitably clear up. In the first place, he must explain how it was that what is assumed to be a feigned handwriting is so uniformly free and cursive; how it is, indeed, that in one of his letters to Woodfall, Junius, who confesses to being under the influence of liquor at the moment, writes in his cups with the identical hand, a little shaky, but still unmistakable, which in his sobriety he took so much trouble to assume. The supporter of the Franciscan view, again, must at least have something to say in explanation of the theory that Francis, a loyal husband, a father of five children, and shortly to be blessed with a sixth, should at this very moment have been addressing love-poems to Miss Giles of Bath. He must at least present some reason for the extraordinary inconsistency and infidelity of a man who could, as in the case of Lord Barrington, malign under his pseudonym a friend to whom in his own person he was intimately and affectionately attached. And yet once more, he must be prepared to overcome the difficulty that the date, "29th July, 1769," which stands in handwriting in the corrected proof, and by the character of which Francis's caligraphy is commonly identified with that of Junius, is palpably in the hand of Woodfall himself. But not one of these difficulties, Mr. Rae tells me, is cleared up by Francis's descendant. Nor, indeed, are we told how it comes that one of Francis's contemporaries, speaking during his lifetime (and himself a trustworthy witness), said that the mystery of the authorship of the letters had been so far rendered harmless by the death of the writer, that he himself was prepared to divulge the personality of Junius. There is obviously much more to be said upon this unflinching subject; but this is scarcely the place for a lengthened controversy. In the meanwhile it seems that we are as far from the truth as ever, and that the mystery remains one of those inscrutable secrets that research seems powerless to pierce.

If we are inclined at times to believe that, since the Incorporated Society of Authors made life easier to him, the English writer has lost touch with that picturesque Bohemianism with which tradition has invested him—if, I say, we are apt to be so bold, we are ever and anon met by some striking example of the old spirit moving in the new surroundings—some badge of suffering that proves the antique and modern literary worlds to be still akin. Such an example is furnished by Mr. Francis Thompson, the new poet, who, after achieving a sudden notoriety in this country, is now, I understand, becoming an object of interest to the American public as well. If this is so, as my correspondence leads me to think, readers of *The Critic* may be glad to hear a few facts about the new lion. Personally I feel that Mr. Thompson needs to be saved from his friends. He has a certain touch of the poetic spirit, it is true, a certain intensity and sincerity which demand recognition. But he wields, at the same time, a style which is heavy with affectation and tawdry with mannerism; and without a great deal of self-discipline he can never hope to come within a reasonable distance of the expectations which have been formed for him. Mr. Thompson, indeed, has been fatally taken up. Mr. Coventry Patmore has indulged his eloquence in the new poet's praise; Mr. Wilfrid Meynell has given him the advantage of his ever-ready assistance; and the younger poets, his contemporaries, have been lavishly generous of their review-columns. But not for these we raise the song of joy and praise; and to the student of literary prowess by far the most attractive feature in Mr. Thompson's history must, it seems to me, be centred in the peculiarly picturesque and roman-

tic fashion in which he and his friends have overcome the trials and difficulties which beset him at the outset. Mr. Thompson is the son of a medical man, and spent his youth within calling of the sea. By religion he is a Roman Catholic, and received the more serious part of his education on the Continent. For some time he proposed to follow in his father's footsteps and embrace medicine as a profession, but, after some attempts at surgical study, he gave up the idea, and was left with no definite prospect before him. He drifted to London, and was reduced to every kind of strait in the struggle for life. It is even said, though this may be yet corrected, that he sold matches in the Strand. All the time, however, he was writing verses, and a copy of one of his poems, without name or address, was dropped into the editor's box of an inconspicuous magazine edited by Mr. Meynell. The poem appeared, and the author communicated with his editor. Henceforth, with characteristic generosity, Mr. Meynell became the poet's best friend, and helped him to comfort, and eventually to reputation. He has, at any rate, overcome the worst perils of the way, and, if his friends will only be judicious in their praise, there is no reason why the future should not be a brilliant one. But it is very perilous to pass at a step from darkness into the fullest blaze of day.

The first number of *St. Paul's*, the new monthly magazine, was published yesterday afternoon, and proves to be something of a surprise. In shape and outward bearing it resembles *The Sketch*: within it makes a bold bid for the suffrages of the country parsonage. Religious art is represented by a series of very satisfactory reproductions; the frontispiece is a portrait of the Primate, and Chat from the Churches forms a conspicuous item in the contents. Though at present it is to appear monthly, it is intended eventually to turn it into a weekly, by which time it will, doubtless, have acquired more of a specific and individual character. Literature is not largely represented in its pages, nor is there enough vitality about its comments on current affairs to carry it into instant popularity. It has a clever editor, however, in Mr. Tighe Hopkins, who may be relied upon to make the best of its possibilities.

LONDON, 16 March, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

## Boston Letter

FROM OVER THE sea has come the memorial stone to mark the grave of the poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, and its coming has a romantic reason. Some thirty-odd years ago, in the old graveyard at Dowth, O'Reilly was recalling the adventures of his younger days, and perhaps thinking of the dangers through which he had passed in order to help his native land in her hard struggle for freedom. While in this mood he carved, with a nail, his initials, "J. B. O'R.," on a stone of that wall of the old church nearest the Boyne. He spoke about this afterwards in a letter to an old friend in Ireland, adding, "I should like to be buried just under that spot, and, please God, perhaps I may be," and closing with the patriotic benediction, "God bless you! Good-bye! Fidelity to the old cause has its pains, but it has its rewards, too—the love and trust of Irishmen everywhere." It was not, however, O'Reilly's lot to be buried as he desired, but that rough and rugged stone, typical of the sturdy nature of the poet-patriot, has been brought to Boston and will be placed over his grave at Holyhood, Mass., the guardians of the Drogheda Union, custodians of the Dowth graveyard and its contents, gladly sending the memorial as an expression of their sincere sympathy and condolence.

Writing of a Catholic leader leads me naturally to speak of a notable lecture delivered last week at Harvard under the auspices of the Harvard Catholic Club. The subject was "St. Francis of Assisi, a Thirteenth Century Reformer." It was the lecturer, however, that gave the interest, for he was George Parsons Lathrop, whose conversion to Catholicity we all remember so well. Harvard is certainly showing a very broad religious spirit, for it has, for the first time in the history of the University, invited a Catholic priest to conduct regular services in the College chapel, the Rev. Peter J. O'Callaghan, a graduate of the class of 1888, being the one selected. Father O'Callaghan is but twenty-nine years of age, and is now a Paulist Father in New York. I may add what is not generally known, that a few years ago another Catholic priest, very prominent in his Church, was invited to celebrate mass at the College but declined. The Rev. Francis G. Peabody, the Mummer Professor of Christian Morals at the University, says that there was no pressure brought to bear upon the College authorities in extending this invitation, but that their action was entirely voluntary, their only desire being to show that Harvard's religious services are absolutely unsectarian, and that every faith will be welcome to Appleton Chapel. Last winter Protab Chunder Mozoomdar conducted services there, and after Father O'Callaghan's Sunday there will be sermons by Felix Adler and Bishop Hall of the Episcopal Church of Vermont.

The first instalment of James Russell Lowell's unpublished lec-

tures, which I mentioned last week, has been printed in the College daily at Harvard. It will not be possible, of course, to give in this letter any idea of the lecture in its entirety, but I will quote this significant paragraph:—"It is not as ladders to the languages in which they are written that I would commend these books, but the languages as ladders to them, whereby we may climb to a larger outlook over men and things, to a retreat lifted above the noises of the world. It is not the scholarship I look at, but the sympathy with their higher mood, with that sweetness that comes with age to good books as to good men. Mere scholarship is as useless as the collecting of old postage-stamps."

The reception given by the New England Women's Press Association and the Abbott Academy Club of New England in honor of Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, President of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs, reminds me that I have long had in one of my pigeon-holes a letter from Waldoboro, Me., written to *The Critic* about a woman's play. The letter, penned just after I had described in one of my letters the play which Mrs. Howe wrote years ago, reads as follows:—

"Knowing it to be an object of interest to *The Critic* and its readers, to know the name of the author of the first tragedy written in this country by a woman, I send the following notice, copied carefully from the advertising sheet of a book bearing on its title-page, Boston, 1773.

Just Published  
And to be sold at  
Greenleafs New Printing Office

"The Adulterator, a Tragedy, as it is now acted in UPPER SERVIA, said to be wrote by a LADY. Upon reading this tragedy one may be apt to think that that acted in Bofton, on the 5th of March, 1770, was a realizing the fame."

I will add what the writer of the note does not, that this play, "The Adulterator," was written by Mrs. Mercy Warren. The fame of Mrs. Warren is, of course, too broad to need even mention here, but I may add that her two plays of "The Adulterator" and "The Group" gave to her the distinction of being the first American writer to turn political satire into dramatic form. The characters in "The Group," as John Adams wrote in his own hand, caricatured people in actual life whose names he gave. The sister of the patriot, James Otis, and the wife of the ardent Revolutionist, James Warren, as well as an intimate friend of John Adams and his wife, it was but natural that Mrs. Warren should turn her pen to politics, even to carrying out the wish Adams expressed when he wrote to her husband after the Tea Party of Boston Harbor, that he hoped "to see a late glorious event celebrated by a certain political pen which has no equal that I know of in this country." Our new Collector of the Port of Boston, the Hon. Winslow Warren, is a great-grandson of Mercy Warren.

Miss Kate Sanborn, now that she has decided to abandon her "Adopted Farm," has not found it all smooth sailing. Her landlord has threatened suit, and she in return has brought suit against him to recover the sum of \$3143 as damages for alleged breach of contract. This contract, Miss Sanborn affirms, was an agreement on the part of the landlord to sell the Abandoned Farm, if his tenant desired to purchase it. On its strength, she says, she made an outlay, to the amount claimed, for improvements on the grounds.

BOSTON, 27 March, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

## Chicago Letter

THE FIRST NUMBER of the "Book of the Builders," which will be in many respects the most interesting history of the Columbian Exposition yet published, bears the date of March 24. The parts are to be issued once in two weeks, at a subscription price of fifty dollars a year, by the Columbian Memorial Publication Society of Chicago and Springfield, Ohio. The text is to be written by Daniel H. Burnham, who was Director of Works and Chief of Construction at the Fair, and Francis D. Millet, the Director of Color. They hope to make it a vivid and picturesque narrative of the building of the Fair, and to describe the thrilling and dramatic scenes which they were fortunate enough to witness. The artists of many kinds who frequently gathered together at Jackson Park during those eventful months lived a life full of action and excitement. But there were moments, which the public knew little about, when these men formed and cemented a fellowship such as one finds but rarely in the entire history of art. The enthusiasm of these artists for a single cause, the sacrifices they made willingly for the good of the whole, were rewarded in some measure by the fraternal gatherings at which life and the arts were discussed with true Bohemian zeal.

It is the aim of the authors of this history to reproduce in some degree this spirit of good-fellowship which characterized the intercourse between the designers of grounds and buildings, and the

painters, sculptors and musicians whom they called about them. The brief introduction says:—"It is our purpose to present the more romantic aspect of the active period of designing and building, to give as suggestive an indication as possible of the spirit of the men engaged in the work, not only by pointing out the results of their efforts, but by drawing as complete a picture as may be proper of the intimate life in the centre of activity." In this first number the narrative tells nothing about the preliminary organization, but begins, rather later than it should, with the first visit to Jackson Park on Jan. 10, 1891, made by the architects who had been invited to design the buildings. They "then first realized the extent and magnitude of the proposed undertaking, and appreciated the inexorable conditions of a time-limitation to the work." In preparing this book, the co-operation of a large number of eminent artists has been secured—men like Blum, Blashfield, Chase, Cox, Curran, Denman, Earle, Gifford, Hassam, Jones, Melchers, Murphy, Millet, McEwen, Reinhart, Robinson, Shirlaw, Smedley, Twachtman and Alden Weir. Reproductions of drawings will be scattered through the text, showing the work in all stages; and the book will be accompanied by one hundred reproductions in color of paintings by these men. The latter are very carefully made, but they are inevitably of less interest than the black-and-whites. Among those already printed are a clever sketch, by Bolton Jones, showing the preliminary dredging when the Park was a waste, and another, by Reinhart, of the gardeners on the wooded island. There are two, also, of the completed Exposition—one, by Earle, of the moose on one of the bridges, and one, by Millet, of the Statue of the Republic standing out golden in the pink, misty light of sunset.

The season of four weeks which the Abbey opera-troupe gives to Chicago is more than half over. The fact that it began in Lent was a disadvantage, but nevertheless it has drawn good houses always, and sometimes very crowded ones. The great performance of "Faust" is always given to an enormous crowd, but no one singer has made as great a popular success as Melba. She received such an ovation on the first night that she appeared as the Auditorium has never witnessed. Calvé and Eames have been received with distinguished favor, too, but not with the same enthusiasm. The seductive Calvé, however, has fascinated the critics. The *Herald* remembers no acting in opera "so engagingly fresh and unconventional"; the *Inter-Ocean* calls her "a veritable magnetic and artistic creator"; and the *Tribune* devotes much space to her Carmen, saying, among other things, that "her poses are a series of pictures. Her draperies are a part of her and of her moods; they flaunt or caress as she sees fit. \* \* \* In the singing of the music she accomplishes an ideal that her acting fails to eclipse, which is saying much. The rhythm is perfectly comprehended, and her delivery characterized by a spontaneity and an abandon that add to it fresh color and intensity." Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Lassalle and Plancon have all been received with great enthusiasm, the latter two appearing here for the first time. This week "Aida," which, I believe, was not given in New York, is to be sung by Nordica, Scalchi, Lassalle, Vignas and Edouard de Reszke. But the most important event of the season will be the production, on Thursday, for the first time in America, of Massenet's "Werther," with a cast including Eames, Arnoldson and Jean de Reszke.

The Cosmopolitan Art Club is holding an exhibition at the Art Institute, which contains little that is notable. Some clever work by Feudel, Rascovitch and Miss Kellogg, a jewel-like little landscape by Dawson, and several lovely studies by Vincent and Maratta, are the most attractive things hung. Hubert Vos sends a portrait of the Comte de Balincourt, which is rendered rather amusing by the contrast between the meagre specimen of humanity it depicts, and his elaborate uniform and orders, together with his name and titles, which are emblazoned across the top of the picture. A large photographic painting of a race day at Washington Park Club, and several hard and insufferable portraits serve to make Dvorak's name unpleasantly conspicuous. The most original work is that of a young sculptor, H. A. MacNeil. He exhibits several statuettes which display great originality, keen insight and a ready apprehension of artistic effects. A nude figure of an Indian, dancing, called "Primitive Music," is modelled with exceptional skill and so well posed that one feels the movement, the swing of the dance. A head of Black Pipe, the Sioux, in high relief, shows the same insight, the same dash and virility. It is a beautiful thing, full of sincerity and truth, and expressing something of the pathos and the poetry of the race. Mr. MacNeil's future promises to be interesting. The Art Institute is also holding an exhibition of the delightful etchings by van Muyden.

The statue of Shakespeare, which was modelled by William Ordway Partridge, is to be unveiled in Lincoln Park on April 23. A model of this seated figure, which represents the manager rather than the poet, was exhibited in the Art Building at the Fair.

Mr. E. F. Fenellosa, the distinguished curator of antiquities in



the Boston Museum, will lecture to the Twentieth Century Club next Saturday upon "The Five Periods in Japanese Art."  
CHICAGO, 27 March, 1894. LUCY MONROE.

### Mrs. Harrison's New Novels

"IT IS VERY PLEASANT work and very easy, this story-writing," said Mrs. Burton Harrison to me as we talked of the profession of writing one pleasant afternoon during the early part of the week. "A pad of paper, pens and ink, and that is all." "But you have left out a very important item in this outfit—the ability to write," I answered. Think of the people who have the paper pad, the pens and the ink, and who, lacking the more important ingredient, find story-writing anything but pleasant work. No work is pleasant that meets with nothing but discouragement; but the successful novelist is the most fortunate of mortals, and this Mrs. Harrison is.

During the past winter she has been working harder than ever before in her life. She has taken a rest from the cares of house-keeping, of which art she is a mistress, and devoted her time to literature. The consequence is a new novel, the manuscript of which has just been secured by the Century Co., another novel nearly finished, and something else which is at present a profound secret. The finished novel is called "An Errant Wooing." Mrs. Harrison had another name for it, but it divulged the plot in which lies a large part of the interest of the story, so she changed it. The story is an international romance. It opens in an English country house and then comes to New York just long enough to embark its heroes and heroines on board the steamer that makes the popular trip to Genoa and through the Mediterranean. Once landed, they are "personally conducted" by Mrs. Harrison through Morocco and Spain, and the story ends in the Alhambra by moonlight.

"I made the trip last spring," said Mrs. Harrison, "and I could not rest until I had made the lovely scenes that were constantly before me the background for a story. The heroine is an American girl who, I think, will make friends for herself."

"Is it a 'purpose novel'?"

"Its only purpose is to please its readers in the legitimate, old-fashioned way."

"The unfinished story, what will that be about?" I asked. "Ah, that," replied Mrs. Harrison, with a twinkle in her eye, "is a very *fin-de-siècle* story. You will think so when I tell you the name—'A Bachelor Girl'! The idea has had possession of me for a long time, just as 'The Anglomaniacs' had, and I am writing it just as fast as I did that story, and I enjoy writing it just as much, too."

"Do you discuss the woman suffrage question?" I asked.

"Indeed, yes. How could I fail to discuss a subject that is so in evidence as that is to-day?"

"And what side do you take?"

"Read the book and see if you can tell. I pride myself upon the diplomatic way in which I touch a very delicate subject. As for the bachelor girl herself, you are sure to like her."

"If she is as fascinating a girl as Lily Floyd-Curtis I shall adore her."

"You will not have long to wait. The story is almost finished, and then I shall rest for a while, though I do not feel at all tired. I work steadily when I do work, and I rest just as steadily. The morning is my time for writing. I read over what I wrote the day before, and copy the last page. A strange trick, is it not, but I cannot take hold of any work with a firm grip until I have humored this whim—so I humor it."

"And you don't write in the afternoon?" I asked, thinking of the early morn, the dewy eve and the lamplighted night that found me driving the tired quill.

"Sometimes for an hour, perhaps, but that is all, and I never work in summer. I don't know what it is about Bar Harbor, but I cannot work there. I have tried it, and had my labor for my pains."

"Before closing this pleasant interview, I want to ask an impertinent question. Don't answer it if you think it rude:—do you draw the characters in your stories from life?"

"The question is not at all rude," replied Mrs. Harrison. "No. I do not draw my characters from life. I would scorn to do such a thing. I take composite photographs of half a dozen people and make one portrait of them. I have never taken one person, man or woman, from any one man or woman I have known. I use types, not individuals. People sometimes say to me, 'You mean so-and-so in your book,' when I have never seen or heard of so-and-so in my life, but there are so many people who are just like so many other people that you get the name of painting portraits when you are only painting types."

As it was time for Mrs. Harrison to start out for her "constitutional," which always includes a picture-gallery, I made my adieux.  
J. L. G.

### Music

#### "Utopia, Limited"

MR. W. S. GILBERT and Sir Arthur Sullivan have been overfed with success. They are plainly of the opinion that delighting the public is a task which, in the expressive language of street Arabia, is "too easy." Yet they have had warnings. And they have had periods of reformation, when they have girded up their loins and shown us that the old Grecian spirit is not frozen in their veins. We have marvelled greatly at their "Yeomen of the Guard" and their dismal "Ruddigore." But we have laughed long and loudly at their "Mikado." We shall not laugh either long or loudly at "Utopia, Limited; or, The Flowers of Progress," which was produced at the Broadway Theatre on Monday night. The new operetta may possibly be very successful with the Knickerbocker Club, where certain ineffable youths will be carried away by its utter Englishness, but the general public will probably not care a great deal about it.

Mr. Gilbert is nothing if not satirical, and the new operetta is another satire on England. We are introduced to a mythical South Sea island, where the monarch is a blameless person and the subjects lead lotos-eating lives. It is revealed to us by the costumes of the chorus that Mr. Gilbert meant in a sly way to represent by his Utopia the good old England of Ethelred's time. The King of Utopia has sent his eldest daughter to Girton College, in England, to be educated, and she returns, accompanied by an officer of the army, an officer of the navy, a lord, a county councillor, a barrister and a company promoter. These products of modern English civilization proceed to reform Utopia on the home plan. The company promoter plays a most conspicuous part, for he suggests the idea of transforming the government into a limited liability company. Furthermore, he so expands his idea that each person in Utopia becomes a corporation. Mr. Gilbert now proceeds deliberately to knock some of the pointedness off his satire by making his flowers of progress models of their kind. The army and navy are so excellently reorganized, that all neighboring powers disarm; the laws are so good, that litigation ceases; sanitary measures are so wise, that doctors are not needed. To allay the general discontent arising from this state of affairs, government by party is introduced, so that no measures which are enacted can remain in force after a change in the government. There are many bright lines and some charming lyrics in this book; but there are several scenes of deadly dullness, and the libretto, as a whole, is much below the level of Mr. Gilbert's best work. Dancing is called in to supply the place of action, and in one place something close to buffoonery is introduced to make fun. There is a grave travesty on the Queen's drawing-room, which is pictorially beautiful, and the stage pictures are generally bright and attractive. Indeed, the mounting of the operetta is uncommonly rich and elaborate.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is dainty and well made; but, except in two instances, it is utterly tame. The two exceptions are the duet of the two wise men, with its captivating dance melody, and the repetition of a chorus from "Pinafore." It ought to be said, in conclusion, that on Monday evening the operetta was systematically butchered by one of the most pitiable sets of incompetent performers ever inflicted on the attention of a much too patient public. With the exception of Kate Talby, who towered above the rest artistically as well as physically; of J. J. Dallas (King Paramount) and J. Contes (Mr. Goldbury, the Company Promoter), who were tolerable, they were all simply absurd.

#### German Opera

THE FIRST APPEARANCE, in this country, of Frau Materna in "Die Götterdämmerung," took place at the Metropolitan Opera House on the night of March 28, Frau Koert-Kronold taking the part of one of the Rheindaughters as well as that of Guttrune. Herr Schott appeared as Siegfried, Herr Fischer as Hagen, and Herr Steger as Gunther. They were supported by a large chorus and the Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Walter Damrosch. It is proposed to repeat this performance at the matinee to be given this (Saturday) afternoon. On Monday night the same artists sang in "Die Walküre," Frau Materna again appearing, with Frau Koert-Kronold as Sieglinde, Herr Schott as Siegmund, Herr Fischer as Wotan and Herr Behrens as Hunding. The proceeds of the evening performances will be given to the University Settlement and the New York Kindergarten Association—organizations identical in aim, and carrying on work of national importance, that deserves to be more widely known and more generously supported than it is. The matinee benefits the Workingmen's School—another most deserving cause. Large and enthusiastic audiences attended both performances.

## The Fine Arts

### "Rembrandt"

*His Life, his Work, and his Time.* By Émile Michel. Tr. from the French by Florence Simmonds. Charles Scribner's Sons.

M. ÉMILE MICHEL'S "Rembrandt," in great part based on Vosmaer's well-known study of the master's life, corrected and completed by reference to the later investigations of Bredius, Bode and De Roever, translated by Miss Florence Simmonds and edited by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, is, as to biography and criticism, a most important work. Mr. Wedmore's share in it is limited to corrections of a few errors of fact—"misprints, in all probability, in the French edition"—though he has allowed some obvious misprints in this English edition, such as the transposition of "he" and "the" on page xii. of the introduction, to pass unnoticed. In addition, he has recommended the omission of a few plates of the French edition, and the substitution for them of reproductions of some Rembrandt portraits in English and Scotch collections. Among these are Mr. Samuel Joseph's "Saskia" in profile, and the Glasgow Corporation's picture of "A Man in Armor." He has also corrected to some extent the author's list of pictures owned in the United Kingdom. Among the Rembrandts owned in the United States, it should have been said that the "Portrait of a Young Girl," sometimes called "The Child of the State," from the Demidoff collection, is owned by the Chicago Art Institute. The "Portrait of a Man," erroneously called "Dr. Tulp," belonging to Mr. James W. Ellsworth, and "The Accountant," belonging to Mr. Hanford, are or have recently been exhibited in the Institute's galleries. The famous "Rembrandt du Pecq," which was exhibited for a short time in New York, M. Michel attributes to Aert van Gelder. "The Eternal Father in the Centre," he says, "is a venerable figure, but his refined and delicate features have none of the power and majesty with which Rembrandt would have endowed them." It is, nevertheless, a better picture than the "David before Saul," which M. Michel (who is an authority, if there is one) describes as a genuine Rembrandt, "of about 1660," on page 128 of his second volume.

The full-page plates in these two volumes are for the most part admirably printed. Among the best are "The Supper at Emmaus," from the picture in the Louvre; the "Study of a Woman Seated," from a sepia drawing in the Bibliothèque Nationale; the "Landscape Study," from a drawing in pen-and-ink and wash in the British Museum; and the photogravure of the charming portrait of the painter's son, Titus van Ryn, in the Kann collection. Of the numerous engravings in the text, those after etchings are, as might be expected, of no beauty and very little utility. Rembrandt's line is not adapted to ordinary relief printing. The most satisfactory of these illustrations are after pen-and-ink or crayon sketches and studies. It is to be regretted that the carefully printed plates do not include a larger number of the more important religious compositions. A very large proportion are portraits, whose principal merits, in the originals, are technical—merits of which no reproduction can give more than a feeble notion. But this fault is to a considerable extent corrected by the text, which does justice to the height as well as to the breadth of Rembrandt's genius. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

## The Turnbull Lectures

THE FOURTH course of lectures on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation will be given by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard, his subject being "Dante." The lectures will be given in Levering Hall. The special topics will be as follows:—I. "The Function of Poetry. The Thirteenth Century in Italy." Thursday, March 29. II. "The New Life." Friday, March 30. III. "The Prose Works of Dante and their Relation to the Divine Comedy." Monday, April 2. IV. "The Divine Comedy: Hell." Wednesday, April 4. V. "The Divine Comedy: Purgatory." Friday, April 6. VI. "The Divine Comedy: Paradise." Monday, April 9.

Prof. Jebb, the distinguished Grecian, whose "Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) consists of the lectures he delivered on the Turnbull Foundation, early in 1892, prefixes to that volume the following lines, "In Memoriam: Percy Graeme Turnbull" (1878-87):—

οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνθρώπου λόγον δάμναται, ἔξω μανάνθης,  
εἰς αὐτὸν οὐδ' ἐνέσταν βλάστη ἀμειψάμενος.  
σοὶ δὲ χάριν Μοῦσαι, δόσεις φέρος ἔρχεται ἥρος,  
δύρα παρ' εὐσεβῶν προσφύεται γόντων.

The poem is thus translated (anonymously) in the *American Journal of Philology*:—

"Like as a rose that ere it flow'r is lost,  
So didst thou fade away,  
The threshold of thy ninth spring not yet crossed,  
But for thy sake do they,

Thy loving parents, to the Muses bring,  
As often as returns the light of spring,  
A pious offering."

The form of the quatrain, if not its spirit, is better preserved in this version from *The Spectator* of Jan. 27:—

"Thou fadest, as a rose before it flowers,  
Ere the ninth spring; but when the spring-tide flowers  
Year after year return, for thy sweet sake  
Thy parents to the muse this offering make."

## Notes

HENRY IRVING'S Harvard address on "Individuality" was given in full in our last issue, having been revised from the author's own copy. Mr. Irving had his manuscript printed in pamphlet form, in very large, clear type, and then corrected and interlined it before delivery. This copy, containing his autograph interlineations, has been given by the editors of *The Critic* to the Players' Club, New York, for preservation among its many mementoes of distinguished actors.

—Among Dodd, Mead & Co.'s new books are "Bogland Studies," by Jane Barlow; an American edition of the same author's "Irish Idylls"; "Courage," by Charles Wagner, translated by Cora Hamilton Bell; "The Poets and the Poetry of the Century," completed; a cheap edition of Oscar Wilde's "Intentions"; "Mildred's New Daughter," by Martha Finley; a large-paper edition of "Proverbs in Porcelain," with a dramatic vignette, "Au Revoir," by Austin Dobson; "The Journal of Martha Pintard Bayard," London, 1794-1797, edited by S. Bayard Dod; "Links in a Chain," by Margaret Sutton Briscoe; "The Lone House," a new story by Amelia E. Barr; and a new edition of Edmund Lee's biography of "Dorothy Wordsworth."

—Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston, will publish early in April a "Harmony of the Gospels" on a new and improved plan, and also a revised edition of the "Outline Handbook of the Life of Christ." The authors are Prof. William Arnold Stevens of the Rochester Theological Seminary, and Prof. Ernest De Witt Burton of the University of Chicago.

—"Marcella" has gone into a second edition before the first is on the market. Two editions of Mr. Crawford's "Katherine Lauderdale" have been exhausted, though the work was published only on the 20th inst. These editions each exceeded 10,000 copies.

—Dodd, Mead & Company make the interesting announcement that the "Bibliography of New York Imprints," by Charles R. Hildeburn, which has been for some time in preparation, will be issued, it is expected, during the coming May. The work will make a book of about 500 pages, imperial 8vo, and will be bound in cloth, gilt top. In general appearance it will be uniform with Hildeburn's Pennsylvania Imprints. It will contain a facsimile of a title-page of some work, generally the most notable one, done by each printer. Not more than 350 copies are to be printed.

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. will add to their Library of Economics and Politics, next month, a volume on Socialism, by Prof. Richard T. Ely of Wisconsin University.

—"On the Cult of Asklepios," by Dr. Alice Walton, and "The Development of the Earlier Athenian Constitution," by George W. Botsford, Ph.D., form Numbers III. and IV. of the Cornell Studies in Classical Philology, published by Ginn & Co.

—Mr. N. P. Coburn of Newton, Mass., who gave \$50,000 for the erection of the library building at Colorado College, Colorado Springs, which was recently opened, said, in a letter read at the dedication:—"I hope and pray the library may be a great blessing to your college, and wish you to give my sincere regards to the faculty and students. Say to them it has been by hard work and strict economy that I have been able to do as I have done. I wish them to be industrious in the use of the library."

—Roberts Bros. announce for publication on April 2 "Total Eclipses of the Sun," by Mabel Loomis Todd; "By Moorland and Sea," by Francis A. Knight; and "Art for America," by William Ordway Partridge.

—Of the California Midwinter Fair, a San Francisco correspondent writes to us:—"It is really a very pretty affair—inflated to look like more than it really is, as far as exhibits go, by bringing all the 'concessions' into the group. I think in the way of 'villages,' and the like, we must have about as much as there was at Chicago, and with all compacted into smaller space, the general foreignness—the sprinkling of Hawaiians, Ceylonese, Egyptians, Javanese, etc.—must be rather more conspicuous and picturesque. I am told the fruit and flower display already exceeds anything there was at Chicago; this, of course, must be the strong point. The congresses are getting into shape, and interesting episodes beginning to occur, e.g., the leading rabbi here has an-



nounced—though without bad temper—that Miss Hosmer's Isabella shall *not* be kept for Golden Gate Park. He says the Isabella Association may put her in any privately endowed place they wish, but not in a public park, supported by everybody's taxes. This, on account of the Inquisition, of course.

—Mr. Harry Furniss, who recently resigned from the staff of *Punch*, will, according to London rumors, start a paper of his own.

—W. E. Henley, editor of *The National Observer*, is a man-of-letters rather than a journalist: he is also an iconoclast. His opinions are positive: he never damns with faint praise, and of hearty praise he is most chary. Still, his influence is strongly and widely felt in English letters, and his criticism makes for the ideal, though it be by putting rocks and bitterness on the hard and narrow path of the aspiring writer.

—Lord Houghton has accepted the presidency of the Brontë Society, formed for the purpose of establishing a museum of Brontë relics at Haworth.

—The new edition of "The Mikado's Empire," issued by Harper & Bros., contains a chapter on "Japan in 1894," in which it is shown how largely New Japan is the creation of the "hired foreigner." A glance is given also at the rising new literature and at the political situation. The new and the old are well blended in this hand-book of Japan.

—That well-known religious weekly, *The Christian at Work*, has changed its name to *The Christian Work*.

—Mme. Marie Deraismes, the champion of woman's rights in France, who died recently in Paris at the age of 59, had studied science, Latin, Greek and music, was a constant contributor to newspapers, and published in 1872 "Eve contre Dumas," which was followed, in 1875, by "Le Théâtre de M. Sardou." In these two works she accused the two dramatists of having degraded woman in their plays.

—In a review of the Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost's "Bible Studies" in *The Critic* of March 17, that clergyman was inadvertently alluded to as a "socialist agitator." This pleasant epithet was, however, intended for his well-known brother, the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost.

—Commander Verney Lovett Cameron, C.B., D.C.L., the African explorer, was thrown in the hunting-field in Bedfordshire, England, on March 27, and died the same day. He was born at Wadipole, on July 1, 1844, entered the British Navy in 1857, and was sent to Africa by the Royal Geographical Society in 1872, to find Livingstone. Shortly after starting, he met Livingstone's followers carrying the missionary's remains to the coast. He then resolved to cross Africa from ocean to ocean, a feat never previously accomplished. He succeeded, reaching the West coast at Benguela in November, 1875. In 1877 he published "Across Africa," which was followed, in 1880, by "Our Future Highway to India," wherein he demonstrated the feasibility of a railroad from Constantinople to Bagdad. He was a prolific writer of books for boys, among them being "The Cruise of the Black Prince Privateer," "Harry Raymond," "Jack Hooper," "The Queen's Land," "The Adventures of Herbert Massey," "In Savage Africa," "The Story of Arthur Penreath" and "Among the Turks."

—The Springfield *Republican* celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, on March 27. Few journals have exerted so strong and beneficial an influence on American life as this Massachusetts daily, published in one of the smaller cities of the land.

—Walter Savage Landor's villa at Fiesole is at present the property of Prof. Willard Fiske of New York, who has carefully preserved all that was possible, and even restored it in many details to what it was in Landor's days. Mr. Fiske has in preparation two tablets, one to the memory of Boccaccio, who laid the scene of the "Decamerone" in this neighborhood; the other to that of Landor. Walter Besant, Norman Lockyer, Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner are among the well-known men of letters and science who have enjoyed Prof. Fiske's hospitality at the Villa Landor.

—The highest price paid at Bangs & Co.'s sale of March 26 was \$30 for a copy of Mr. Robert Hoe's "Bookbinding as a Fine Art," published by the Grolier Club.

—The movement of the Civil Service Reform League in establishing the popular Anti-Spoils League is proving remarkably successful, as the signed cards which constitute membership are being filed by thousands at the headquarters, 54 William Street, New York. Among the signers are voters of all professions and of every business and trade, college presidents and bishops, editors of newspapers, farmers and tradesmen. Among the literary men who have signed it are Charles Eliot Norton, Edward Eggleston, W. D. Howells, R. U. Johnson, Gustav Kobbé, Henry M. Alden,

Hamilton W. Mabie, Richard Watson Gilder, H. H. Boyesen, E. L. Burlingame, George Kennan, George E. Woodberry, J. H. Morse, C. C. Buel, T. W. Higginson, S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Brander Matthews, T. B. Aldrich, Noah Brooks, F. F. Browne, William M. Sloane, Charles deKay, Montgomery Schuyler, Ripley Hitchcock, John Burroughs, Clinton Scollard, Frank R. Stockton, Frank Dempster Sherman, George S. Merriam, Walter Learned, H. C. Learned, John Foster Kirk, George Parsons Lathrop, James Jeffrey Roche, William Prescott Foster, John Vance Cheney, Thomas Nelson Page, Gifford Pinchot and Joseph B. Gilder.

—Count Tolstol was recently thrown out of a hall in Tula, where he had gone by special request to attend the rehearsal of one of his plays by a company of aristocratic amateur actors. The policeman at the door took the long-bearded, shaggy-haired man in the sheep-skin coat for a *mushik*, and tossed him into the snow in the street, after having thrown him down stairs. After explanations and apologies had been made Tolstol refused to allow the policeman to be punished.

—It is said that Thomas Hardy has described in his novels every inch of the scenery around his home at Max Gate, near Dorchester.

—Mr. Edward Bok predicted recently that "we are upon the brink of a general downward tendency of magazine prices," mentioning *The Century* and *Harper's* in particular as about to follow the example of the publisher of *The Cosmopolitan*. The publishers of the two former periodicals have declared, however, that a reduction of the price of their magazines would be impossible without cheapening the quality of their contents, and that consequently they have no thought of making any such reduction.

—The English Government has purchased from the Duke of Bedford five and one-half acres of ground, adjoining the British Museum, for the extension of that institution. This will give the museum an area of fourteen and one-half acres. The price paid was 200,000*l*.

—Among the contents of the March *Psychological Review* are "The Psychological Standpoint," by George Stuart Fullerton; the second part of "The Case of John Bunyan," by Josiah Royce; "Community and Association of Ideas," by Joseph Jastrow; "Reaction-Times and the Velocity of the Nervous Impulse," by Charles S. Dole and J. McKeen Cattell; a discussion of the "Color-Sensation Theory," and reviews of recent psychological literature.

—It was resolved at a meeting of the Dramatists' Club, on March 27, that ex-Judge Dittenhoefer be requested to make a draft of a bill to be submitted to Congress, making it a felony or misdemeanor to produce a pirated play. The protection of native dramatic works was the subject of vigorous discussion among the members.

—Mr. Thomas Shayne of Philadelphia has been elected President of the Edwin Booth Shakespeare League, which has just been formed. Its purpose is to encourage a wider study of the dramatist's writings, for the cultivation of the ethics of criticism, and for higher appreciation of histrionic rendition. The President's first official act was to inform Henry Irving, by letter, of the League's desire to enroll him as an honorary member.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish shortly "The Lives of Twelve Bad Men, being Original Studies of Eminent Scoundrels, by Various Hands," edited by Thomas Seccombe, B.A., Balliol College, Oxford. The scoundrels dealt with are James Hepburn, 'Earl of Bothwell'; Sir Edward Kelly, 'Necromancer'; Matthew Hopkins, 'Witchfinder'; George Jeffreys, 'Unjust Judge'; Titus Oates, 'Perjurer'; Simon Fraser, 'Lord Lovat'; Col. Francis Charteris, 'Libertine'; Jonathan Wild, 'Thief-taker'; James MacLaine, 'Gentleman Highwayman'; George Robert Fitzgerald, 'Fighting Fitzgerald'; Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, 'Poisoner'; Edward Kelley, 'Bushranger.' They announce, also, "Maximilian and Carlotta, A Story of Imperialism," by John M. Taylor; "The Philosophy of Religion," by Prof. Otto Pfeiderer, being the Gifford Lectures for 1893; "Canadian Independence, Annexation, and British Imperial Federation," by James Douglas, in the Questions of the Day series; "Red Cap and Blue Jacket," by a New Writer; "Prose Fancies," by Richard Le Gallienne; the sixth volume of "Papers of the American Society of Church History"; and "Prince Henry the Navigator (of Portugal) and the Age of Discovery," by C. R. Beazley, in the Heroes of the Nations series.

—The students of Paris have at last given vent to their bitter feeling over the defeat of Zola as a candidate for the Academy. M. Brunetière, the successful candidate, was hissed recently while lecturing at the Sorbonne, the tumult being kept up until he gave up his lecture. Since then M. Zola has been defeated again, and his successful opponent, M. de Hérédia, is undoubtedly prepared for a demonstration of the same kind.

## The Free Parliament

*Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.*

### ANSWERS

1733.—Brief essays on "Mothers in Fiction" may be found in the Contributors' Club in *The Atlantic Monthly* for June and Aug. 1889 (pp. 857, 284).

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## Publications Received

Aldrich, C. First Biennial Report of Historical Department of Iowa. Des Moines: G. H. Ragdale.  
American Newspaper Annual, 1893-4. \$5. N. W. Ayer & Son.  
Annals of the American Academy, March, 1894.  
Annual Literary Index, 1893. Ed. by W. I. Fletcher & R. R. Bowker. Am. Acad. of Polit. & Social Science.  
Blow, S. E. Symbolic Education. \$1.50. Office of Publishers' Weekly.  
Bonney, T. G. Story of Our Planet. D. Appleton & Co.  
Books of the Bible. 3 vols. Ed. by C. J. Ellicott. \$5. Cassell Pub. Co.  
Cassell's Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe. Ed. by E. C. Stedman. \$1.50. Cassell Pub. Co.  
Chopin, K. Bayou Folk. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Cohn, G. History of Political Economy. Tr. by J. A. Hill. Am. Acad. of Polit. & Social Science.  
Conley, L. C. Laboratory Studies in Elementary Chemistry. soc. Am. Book Co.  
Coolidge, L. A., & Reynolds, J. B. The Show at Washington. Washington Pub. Co.  
Depew, C. M. Life and Later Speeches of. \$2.50. Cassell Pub. Co.  
Douglas, A. M. In the King's Country. \$1.50. Lee & Shepard.  
Duncan, R. B. "Old Settlers." Bowen-Merrill Co.  
Dunn, J. P. French Settlements on the Wabash. Bowen-Merrill Co.  
Dunn, J. P. Slavery Petitions and Papers. Bowen-Merrill Co.

Eckstruth, N. von. A Princess of the Stage. Tr. by E. L. Lathrop. 50c. Robt. Bonner's Sons.  
Farjeon, B. L. A Fair Jewess. \$1. Cassell Pub. Co.  
Flake, J. Edward Livingston Youmans. \$5. D. Appleton & Co.  
Fowler, F. Portrait and Figure Painting. \$2. Cassell Pub. Co.  
Glover, A. K. Jewish-Chinese Papers. Privately Printed.  
Gray, M. A Costly Freak. \$1. D. Appleton & Co.  
Griffin, W. E. Brave Little Holland, and What She Taught Us. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Harper, W. R., & Burgess, I. B. Inductive Studies in English Grammar. 40c. Am. Book Co.  
Higginson, S. J. The Bedouin Girl. \$1.25. J. S. Tait & Sons.  
Hinkson, K. T. Cuckoo Songs. Copeland & Day.  
Jefferson, T. Writings of. Vol. III. 1781-84. Ed. by P. L. Ford. \$5.  
Jessopp, A. Random Roaming and Other Papers. \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Kellogg, C. D. Charity Organization in the United States. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Larabee, W. The Railroad Question. Boston: G. H. Ellis.  
Le Gallienne, R. English Poems. Schulte Pub. Co.  
MacLaren, A. Gospel of St. Mark. \$1. A. C. Armstrong & Son.  
Mellé, R. Contemporary French Writers. 85c. Ginn & Co.  
Miller, O. T. A Bird-Lover in the West. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Moule, H. C. G. Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. \$1.50.  
Museum of Fine Arts, Eighteenth Annual Report of. A. C. Armstrong & Son.  
Nettelton, C. P. Thoughts and Pastels. 1035 Howard St., San Francisco: Boston: A. Mudge & Son.  
Perry, G. A Sheaf of Poems. \$1.50. Griffith Pub. Co.  
Ribot, Th. Psychology of Attention. 75c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Savage, R. H. The Anarchist. 50c. Open Court Pub. Co.  
Schmidt, Dr. Anatomical Model. Tr. by W. S. Furneaux. 75c. F. T. Neely.  
Seabury Centennial Commemoration, 1884. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Testa, T. G. del. L'Oro E L'Orpello. English Notes by C. H. Thurber. 25c.  
Thaxter, C. An Island Garden. \$4. D. C. Heath & Co.  
Tregarthen, G. Story of Australasia. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Wallace, C. W. Spider-Webs in Verse. Lincoln, Neb.: G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Warren, W. Columbus the Discoverer: A Drama. State Journal Co.  
Weissäcker, C. von. Apostolic Age of the Christian Church. Vol. I. Tr. by J. Arena Pub. Co.  
Wilde, O. Salome. Tr. by A. B. Douglas. Millar. \$3.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Wolfe, C. P., & Others. Big Game Shooting. 2 vols. Little, Brown & Co.

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